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High School Annual.

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VOL. IV

1916



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The High School Magazine

MONTREAL, CANADA

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1916

No. 1

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With this year we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Royal Grammar School. It was founded in 1816, and the High School of Montreal in 1843. Then, in 1846, they united as the High School and Royal Grammar School. To mark this anniversary, the committee has done its best to make this year's magazine worthy of the occasion.

Needless to say, it has been a hard, though interesting, task, and we hope we will be rewarded by a record sale of the magazine.

In this work we have been generously assisted by Mr. Gammell and Dr. Rexford. Mr. C. Gordon Brown has again taken charge of the advertising and printing to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The war has raged on for another year and taken its toll from Old Boys of the High School as well as others. Death in other forms also has touched the School, notably in the decease of the Reverend John Scrimger, one of the Board of School Commissioners.

The list of Old Boys who are fighting for their King and Country has been largely added

Editorial

to since last June. Their names are given in another part of this volume.

The past year has been one of almost uninterrupted pleasure—at least

we remember only the pleasure: the exciting games in the gymnasium, the happy times in the Assembly Hall, the quiet hours in the library all tend to help us carry away a glowing remembrance of the High School and all connected with it.

Thus another School year is about to close and another band of boys and girls to go out into the world—some to college, some to war, some to their daily work at home, but none without a deep feeling of love for the Old High School, and regret at leaving it.

I am sure that a great many of us look forward to the time when we will again assemble in the hall, no longer as pupils, alas.

Perhaps it will be to see another Sixth Form perform one of Shakespeare's beautiful plays, or else to be entertained for an hour or so by the Literary Society. At least we all hope that such will be the case.

G. S. K. BROWN, VI. A.M.H.S.



OFFICERS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY CLUB

Back Row—Paul Scott, Sylvia Stikeman, Marjorie Baikie, Esther Feigenbaum, Lena Ashkalooney, Jessie Niblo, Robert Fraser, Coulter Dennison, Marjorie Pullan, Harry Bowen.
Sitting—Charles Shultz, Eileen Flanagan, Geoffrey Brown.

"The Year" in Work and Play

The end of all things must come, even the school year has an end—although it sometimes seems long in coming, and it is always interesting to look back over a definite time and see just what has been accomplished. In reviewing the past ten months spent at the "Old High School" many events stand out from the mere grind of daily toil.

The second year of the world war is almost completed and we have all been more or less affected by it. We are now quite settled in our new building and it is fast being permeated by the 'spirit of learning.'

The leading interest in the Girls' School, outside of studies, of course, was Red Cross work. The "Pro Patria" kept up its splendid work of last year, and by opening its membership to the whole school the amount of work done was greatly increased. In the special

Christmas work in sending 200 comfort bags to the men at the front, the boys helped very considerably.

Possibly owing to this work other interests have been a little neglected. The Athletic Association, although not undertaking any extensive programme, was able to derive a good deal of enjoyment from their various walks, expeditions, and the skating parties at the R.V.C. rink, when a noble few endeavored to keep alive the spirit of hockey amongst the girls.

Basketball was as usual of great interest to boys and girls, and many friendly matches took place, the girls winning the Junior Championship.

Hockey and football in their seasons afforded considerable excitement, and even if the



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

*First Row—Greta Agnew, Helen Nichol, Mary Mackay.
Second Row—Bernice Rough, Mildred Turner, Lillian Cooke,
Third Row—Hope Macintosh, Irene Percival.*

boys failed to capture the trophies this year they still have the chance of doing so next year.

Perhaps shooting was the most novel sport on the girls' side, and we shall see the girls of the High School—judging by the number of crack shots reported among them—winning the shooting honors at the next meet.

In the forefront in both schools were gymnastics of course, and both presented excellent exhibitions at the end of the session. Exceptional interest was taken among the girls as two splendid cups were presented to the best gymnasts in the Fifth and Sixth Forms. The Sixth Form 'A' and Fifth Form 'B' were proud to have the winners of these.

The class parties of the Fifth and Sixth Forms must not be forgotten. The Sixths had a very enjoyable skating party, returning afterwards to the school for games and refreshments.

We are indebted to a number of both old and new friends for some very interesting talks. The Monday morning lectures by Dr. Rexford, Dr. Symonds, Dr. Denton,

Rev. Mr. McWilliam and Dr. Symth were thoroughly enjoyed; while Chas. Kellogg's fascinating talk will not soon be forgotten by us. An excellent Edison gramophone concert gave us all a very pleasant diversion one morning in the midst of work.

The Literary Club was carried on, following the last year's plans, but as this is fully given in another article we will pass it over, as also two splendid plays given by the boys and girls.

Thus, reviewing the year, it cannot be said to have passed uneventfully. Most undertakings have been carried out in a manner worthy of the traditions of the Old High School, and we hope that when the results are known for the most important work of all, they will also be worthy of its best traditions; that all those who are leaving the "Old School" this June may look back on their last year with pleasure, and that they will go out with the determination to be in every way an honor to their school and country.

E. C. FLANAGAN,
VI. A.G.H.S.

The High School and the War

When the Annual appears, the second year of the Great War will be drawing to a close. During its course our High School boys have responded to the call for service in even larger numbers than before. The list below includes 450 names.

But doubtless there are many others, especially those outside the city, who have escaped notice. Of such the school authorities would be glad to receive information from any one who may scan these pages.

The last eleven on the list are the contribution from the pupils of the current session and it is perhaps worthy of note that eight of these are from a single class, V.B.C.

The High School has reason to be proud of the record of its boys at the front. They have endured their full share of danger and suffering, have rendered good service and have received their share of recognition and reward. Among such may be mentioned Col. W. W. Burland, Lieut.-Col. Victor Buchanan, Major Hamilton Gault, Capt. Talbot Papineau and Capt. D.E. McIntyre, who have received the coveted honour of the Distinguished Service Order. One of the few Victoria Crosses

granted in this war has been won by Capt. Frank Scrimger, M.D., who repeatedly exposed himself to deadly danger to minister to the wounded and to bring them back to safety.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

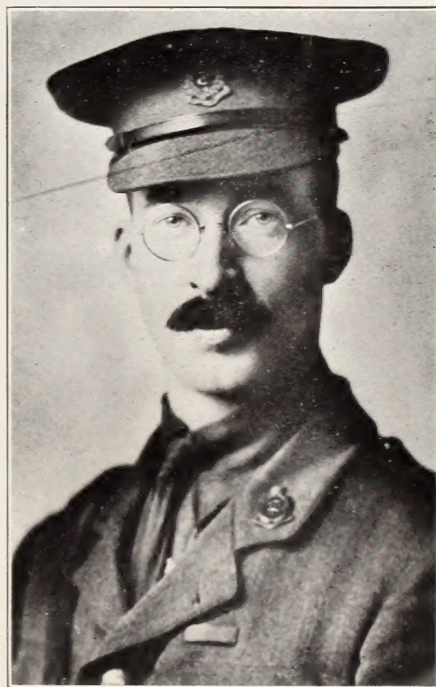
Brig. Gen.	C. J. Armstrong
"	F. S. Meighen
Lieut.-Col.	W. W. Burland, D.S.O.
"	F. Minden Cole
"	George Cantlie
"	C. Peers Davidson
"	Richard Costigan
"	R. P. Campbell, M.D.
"	Lorne Ross
"	James G. Ross
"	V. C. Buchanan, D.S.O.
"	Irving P. Rexford
"	B. H. O. Armstrong
"	F. G. Finley, M.D.
Major	Hamilton Gault, D.S.O.
"	A. V. Roy
"	J. N. Warmington
"	Gerald Birks
"	Gault McCoombe
"	D. S. Inglis



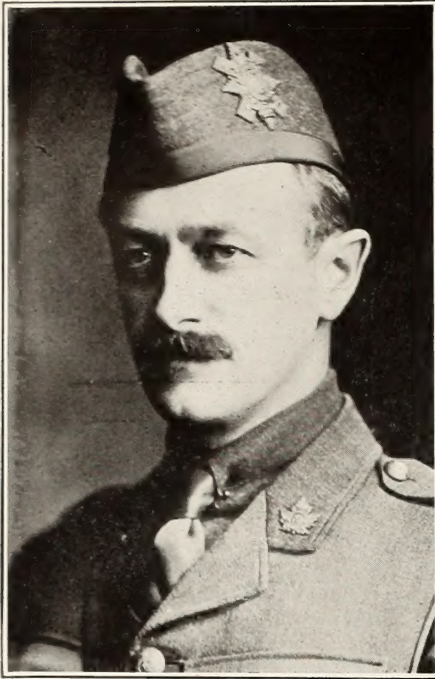
Brig. Gen. C. J. Armstrong — Lieut.-Col. B. H. O. Armstrong — Major Logie Armstrong
Three brothers, old High School Boys who have distinguished themselves in the Great War.

Major A. G. Nutter
 " E. W. Archibald, M.D.
 " C. P. Howard, M.D.
 " Lorne Gilday, M.D.
 " W. H. Evans
 " Eric McMurtry
 " A. Renaud
 " H. Matthews
 " Reid Hyde
 " Logie Armstrong
 " Guy Todd
 " Gordon Lewis
 " Phil. Burnett, M.D.
 " Mackenzie Forbes, M.D.
 " A. J. Basin, M.D.

Captain Frank Scrimger, M.D., V.C.
 " Talbot Papineau, D.S.O.
 " L. W. Whitehead
 " A. G. Shaw
 " George McDonald
 " D. Cushing
 " K. G. Strachan
 " Hay Mitchell
 " J. J. Moyse
 " Melville Greenshields
 " W. Fred Sparrow
 " Alan Law
 " C. S. Belcher



Capt. Frank Scrimger (H.S. '97), M.D., V.C.,
14th Battalion, C.E.F.



Lieut.-Col. C. Peers Davidson (H.S. '86),
73rd Battalion, C.E.F.

Captain W. K. Grafftey
 " J. H. Edgar
 " C. B. Grier
 " Douglas Morgan, M.D.
 " Theo. Lomer, M.D.
 " Oliver Waugh, M.D.
 " J. G. Brown, M.D.
 " J. W. Hutcheson, M.D.
 " Alan Rankin, M.D.
 " Guy Johnson, M.D.
 " G. S. Cameron, L.D.S.
 " D. E. McIntyre, D.S.O.
 " Wilfred C. Brotherhood
 " R. H. Jamieson
 " Roy McGibbon
 " P. Molson
 " Herbert Molson
 " Walter Molson
 " Bruce Taylor
 " Hugh Mathieson
 " Archie McGoun
 " Arthur Tressider
 " P. L. Hall (Military Cross)
 " H. W. Morgan
 " J. W. G. Johnson
 " Abner Kingman
 " Ernest Hutchison
 " Alec McMurtry
 " Stuart McDougall
 " C. K. Russell, M.D.
 " R. P. Hardesty, M.D.

Captain F. J. Tees, M.D.
 " Arthur Chandler, M.D.
 " J. J. Loomis, M.D.
 " Fraser Gurd, M.D.
 " W. A. Wilkins, M.D.
 " C. W. Vipond, M.D.
 " A. A. Mackay, M.D.

Lieut. Donald Cameron
 " F. S. Molson
 " Stuart LeMesurier
 " Volney Rexford
 " Earley Pinhey
 " Chas. Greenshields
 " Roy Hastings
 " C. N. McCuaig
 " Lewis R. McNab
 " W. Adams
 " E. R. Church
 " Fred Phelan
 " S. J. Matthewson
 " K. Matthewson
 " D. Gillmour
 " Chas. Pick
 " Ian McNaughton
 " Sidney Dawes
 " Henry Birks
 " Eric Copeland
 " Edwin Garrow
 " Walter Scriver
 " E. Ross Ross



Lieut.-Col. Victor C. Buchanan (H.S. '88), D.S.O.
13th Battalion, C.E.F.



Lieut.-Col. James G. Ross,
Paymaster, C.E.F.

Lieut. Ross Clarkson
 " G. P. G. Dunlop
 " Nolan Patterson
 " Orrin Rexford
 " J. Alfred Ryan
 " Barclay Drummond
 " Andrew LeMesurier
 " Owen Hague
 " Alan Richardson
 " Shirley Dixon
 " Ogilvie Hastings
 " Kenneth McCuaig
 " H. Savage
 " Eric Finley
 " G. L. Dobbin
 " R. H. L. Ewing
 " J. A. Matthewson
 " McKeowan
 " Raymond Pease
 " John Heaton
 " J. Dunton
 " Harold Fetherstonhaugh
 " Walter C. Hyde
 " Roy Smith
 " William Wilson
 " C. Cushing
 " Arthur Johnson
 " John Forbes
 " Allan Matthews
 " J. N. Bales
 " Stuart R. McGibbon

Lieut. H. Baylis
 " John D. Macpherson
 " W. E. Stavert
 " Douglas Cowans
 " Wm. Haldimand
 " Chas. Weldon
 " Drummond Ross
 " P. Hutchison
 " P. S. Fisher
 " D. McMaster
 " R. L. Strathy
 " Eric McCall
 " H. Pedley
 " H. S. Duggan
 " Frank Fortier
 " O. S. Tyndale
 " Philip Chevalier
 " Howard Patch
 " Howard Cliff
 " Chas. Allan
 " H. Hadley
 " David Craig
 " E. B. Savage
 " Morrow Oxley
 " Raleigh Gilbert
 " T. R. Ker
 " W. H. Howard
 " Wilfred Notman
 " James Hyde
 " Lionel Baker



Lieut.-Col. Irving P. Rexford (H.S. '04),
87th Battalion, C.E.F.



**Capt. Talbot Papineau (H.S. '06), D.S.O.
P.P.C.L.I.**

Lieut. Lawrence Laffoley
 " Ross Johnson
 " Geo. Hannah
 " Eric Whitehead
 " Etienne Bieler
 " Jean Bieler
 " E. R. Parkins
 " Stewart McCuaig
 " J. M. Morris
 " Percy Law
 " Leslie Joyce
 " Coote Shanley
 " P. Fetherstonhaugh
 " Gerald Birks
 " Hugh Scott
 " Frank McGill
 " Bradley Wilson
 " E. H. Chauvin
 " Rennie McMurtry
 " Irvine Baillie
 " Hilary Bignell
 " G. A. Magor
 " George Ross
 " A. Ross Cleveland
 " D. L. Savage
 " Maitland Leo
 " George Hodgson
 " Eugene Cowles
 " Russell Paterson
 " Kenneth W. McLea
 " C. S. DeGruchy

Lieut. Russell Notman	Lieut. Hugh Henry
" Donald Henry	" Fred Raphael
" Alex. Christmas	" Stuart Buchan
" H. E. Vaulelet	" Roy Allan
" A. J. Parkes	" Hugh Peck
" Trevor Evans	" Geo. LeMesurier
" Douglas Alexander	" Bryan Peck
" Kenneth Carmichael	

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES

Graham Scott	W. R. Lester
Richard Eaton	Robin Moyse
Lees Brown	Montgomery Charlton
John Forman	J. Kilgour
Frank Johnson	Angus Splicer
Boyd Symonds	Fred Leach
Fred Donald	Bruce Peterson
Norman Gammell	F. S. Jones
Norman Forbes	Frank Bremner
Harold Griffith	Archie Gordon
Alvin Heron	A. S. Jones
Jack Pilot	George LeMesurier
Chas. Michaud	W. Common
C. E. Manhire	A. L. Sanders
Pringle Seath	Ingraham Rice
H. E. Shorey	Spencer Symonds



**Capt. E. Eberts MacIntyre, D.S.O.
Staff, 6th Infantry Brigade. Wounded in Flanders.**



Lieut. John Alfred Ryan (H.S., '97)
No. 1 Montreal Heavy Artillery, C.E.F.

Alan Gammell
H. Nesbitt
Archie McLeod
Hugh Griffith
R. Gilbert
George Drysdale
E. Pilot
Horace Gilmor
Robert Seath
Murray Robertson
Gordon Cuttle
Elson Cunningham
Sydney Bruneau
Earle Stoddart
E. Bruneau
Norman Robertson
William Brown
Arthur Cushing
C. K. Morrison
Reginald Bremner
Arthur Drysdale
Eric Wait
Gordon Hunter
L. C. Rohr
John Rutherford
Harold Nelson
R. Skelton
Stewart Black
Lorne Montgomery
Leslie Roberts
Stanley Sproule

R. W. Fraser
Roswell Thomson
Herbert Cooke
Culbert Campbell
Walter Meldrum
Walter Dickson
J. Rowe Jeffrey
W. Severs
W. Rutherford
C. Baker
Mabon Aird
Earnest Cockfield
Douglas Aylen
J. Rea
Robert F. Walker
Robert Rice
Westcott Papineau
Balfour Campbell
Jack Hunter
D. M. McGoun
H. L. Butteris
Oswald Leger
Chas. Matthews
H. W. Darling
Arthur Montgomery
Philip Bowie
Richard Swift
Alex. Fraser
Noel Freedman
Cyril Weston
Ivan Upton

Guy Dalpe
Vincent Denne
Cyril Mussen
George McIntosh
H. McGill
Saxon Crossley
John Beckingham
D. R. Corbett
Norwood Corbett
C. Nichols
Fred Patterson
Chas. F. Hyde
Leslie Weldon
Irwin Harris
A. H. Coates
Cecil Smith
Keith Hutchison
Thomas Beagley
James Parke
K. H. Hague
Liddell McLean
Louis Robertson
Archie Rutherford
Ernest Budden
A. Philip Kennedy
Walter Harkness
Geoffrey Brown
Weir Wright
Bert Brown
Harry Warriner

N. Thompson
Cliff Carter
M. H. Herscovitch
Edward Eaton
C. Gordon
Joslyn Walker
D. Knowles
Kenneth Robertson
John Paddon
Harold Grier
J. C. Macfarlane
Arthur Smith
Ross Hutchison
W. H. Sharpe
Eldon Black
David Seymour
Lennox Black
Harcourt Black
David Proudfoot
Gordon Burnett
Munro Dobson
Duncan Thomas
Malcolm Grant
Gordon Osborne
Leslie Millen
W. Staveley
Herman Strong
Phil. Abinovitch
D. McFadyen
Bert Taylor



Alvin Heron (H.S., '12)
No. 6 Canadian Field Ambulance



Lieut.-Col. W. W. Burland (H.S. '04), D.S.O.
14th Battalion, C.E.F.



Major Hamilton Gault, D.S.O., P.P.C.L.I.
Thrice wounded at the Front

Leslie Gordon
Macaulay Cushing
C. Shearer
H. Norman
W. Weldon
Archie Grier
R. Timberlake
Godsall Johnson
Jack Binns
J. Barlow
F. W. Shaw
Arthur Oxley
Frank Pedley
Luther Sutherland
H. Picken
Sam Bosworth
Otto Dreschel
Leonard Young
Arthur Read
Arthur W. Creighton
Karl Forbes
Norman Warriner
S. Agnew
C. Ward
D. Cushing
Stanton McGreer
Lindsay Gordon
Wallace McGreer
Gordon Flett
Allan Copping
Gordon McIntyre
Darcy McGreer
Wallace Smart
T. Stikeman
Eric Hind

Terrance McDermott
E. Clarke
J. Hilary Robertson
Chas. Scott
Wallace Henry
Geo. Harrison
Geoffrey Hadrill
Sidney Smith
Sam Agnew
Walter Page
Cliffe Holland
Robert Newton
Walter Marson
R. Rice
Alan Derrom
R. W. Shepherd
W. McKee
Henry Fry
Robert L. Smyth
Wm. Antliff
S. Fizzell
Don Stuart
Kingsley Symonds
Alton Overing
Havelock McIntyre
A. Vance Johnson
Samuel Longmore
Oswald Allen
W. S. Parsons
Stuart Kay
P. R. Laffoley
Arthur Miller
Pembroke McDermott
J. de Montigny

Eric Wain
Johnston Abraham
B. Corbett
Edgar Goldstein
Albert Taylor
Donald Taylor
Douglas McDuff

Arthur Ware
Leslie McCaw
Austin Harrison
James Griffith
Lindsay Foss
Dudley York
Ernest Reed



Major G. Eric McCuaig (H.S. '02)
13th Royal Highlanders. Wounded in Flanders.

OUR HONOUR LIST

KILLED

Major J. N. Warmington
 " A. W. Roy
 " W. H. Evans
 Capt. W. C. Brotherhood
 " L. W. Whitehead
 " Arthur Tressider
 " Melville Greenshields
 Lieut. H. B. Buchanan
 " D. Cameron
 " Eardley Pinhey
 " L. Arthur Johnson
 " E. A. Whitehead
 " Ian MacNaughton
 " Owen Hague
 " Alan Richardson
 " A. Lemesurier
 " H. S. Duggan
 " Nolan Patterson
 " G. LeMesurier
 " Wilfred Notman
 Sergt. W. Graham Scott
 " W. Lester
 " Lysle Millen
 Norman Robertson Elson Cunningham
 Reginald Bremner Duncan S. McFadyen
 Stanton McGreer Archie McLeod



Major J. N. Warmington
 14th Battalion, C.E.F. Killed at Festubert, May 19, 1915

WOUNDED

—
 Lieut.-Col. W. W. Burland, D.S.O.
 Major Hamilton Gault, D.S.O.
 " Gault McCoombe
 " G. E. McQuaig
 " Eric McMurry

Captain Talbot Papineau, D.S.O.
 " D. E. McIntyre, D.S.O.
 " Roy McGibbon
 " J. J. Moyse
 " Archie McGoun
 " Percy Molson
 " Herbert Moulson
 " E. Stuart McDougall
 " R. H. Jamieson
 " Guy Dobbin

Lieut. G. P. Dunlop
 " Chas. Greenshields
 " Volney Rexford
 " Frank Fortier
 " J. N. Bales
 " Stuart LeMesurier
 " F. S. Molson
 " P. Chevalier
 " John C. Heaton
 " John Macpherson
 " H. G. Birks
 " Raymond Pease
 " J. O. Hastings
 " Trevor Evans
 " A. Sydney Dawes
 " Fred Raphael
 " Royal Ewing
 " J. H. Edgar
 " Stuart Forbes

Murdoch Laing	John Forman
Lees Brown	F. W. Shaw
Richard Eaton	W. Common
Leslie Joyce	W. H. Sharpe
E. G. Aylen	A. L. Sanders
C. Weldon	Spencer Symonds
D. M. McGoun	Norman F. Gammell
Pierre Chevalier	Munro Dobson
T. Beagley	Philip Bowie
W. Brown	



Major A. V. Roy
Killed at the Front



Major W. H. Evans
11th Royal Scots. Killed in action

On this honour list there are the names of two recent graduates who were well known to many of the present pupils: Sergt. Lysle

Millen and Sergt. William Lester. Both took an active part in school life, Lester winning the aquatic championship in his senior



Sergt. J. Lysle Millen (H.S. '12)
Killed at Ypres, February 19, 1916



Lieut. B. Steel, B.A.
3rd Field Artillery, C.E.F.

year. Both were members of the University Companies of the famous Princess Patricias and both have made the supreme sacrifice in following their chosen path of duty. Lester was taken almost immediately after his arrival at the front. Millen was spared long enough to win the respect and love of the whole battalion by his sterling character and the cheerfulness and unselfishness of his disposition. His influence for good will be continued by a permanent Y.M.C.A. "hut" donated by another old High School boy in his memory.

During the past year the teaching staff of the school has been represented at the front by Lieut. Benson Steel of the 3rd Field Battery. A short time ago D. H. Christie, M.A., of the Classical Department, gave up his work to become quartermaster of the new Sixth (McGill) Heavy Siege Battery. Mr. Christie rendered the school fine service as a Latin master. As a thorough gentleman, fine spirited and kindly, he has endeared himself to his colleagues and his pupils alike.

On the afternoon of May 15th an informal luncheon was tendered him in the school, at which he was presented with a wrist watch and other gifts in token of the esteem in which he was held by teachers and pupils. All combined in wishing him Godspeed in his new field of duty and in good time, a safe return.



D. H. Christie, M.A.,
Quartermaster, 6th Heavy Siege Artillery (McGill)

MR. CHRISTIE'S FAREWELL

It is a matter of keen regret to me that, owing to the somewhat abrupt manner of my departure, I had no opportunity of saying even one word of farewell to many, if not most, of my late pupils in the High School. The editor-in-chief, however, has very kindly found for me in the volumes of the Magazine sufficient space in which to make a few brief valedictory remarks.

During my comparatively short association with the school, I have received nothing but kindness at the hands of both colleagues and pupils. To the former, and to my own class,

IV.B. I have already been privileged to express my gratitude personally. It is because I have had no such opportunity of meeting my pupils as a whole that I feel it would be both discourteous and ungrateful on my part to leave them now without a single word.

I desire to thank the boys of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth forms, not so much for the very handsome and useful gift with which they recently presented me by the hand of Dugan, the Senior Prefect, as for the kindness and the sympathy of which that gift is the token and which they have ever extended to me in my work among them. Since I joined the staff, some six hundred boys, or thereabouts,

have come under my own immediate charge. Among these, I cannot remember any against whom I bear the slightest grudge; and I am vain enough to believe that there is none who bears a grudge against me. It has been my aim to remember that "*Maxima reverentia pueris debetur*," that the teacher's respect for and sympathy with his pupils begets a corresponding feeling on their part towards him. No gift was necessary to assure me that, whatever success I had attained in the mere imparting of knowledge, I had at least succeeded in winning what I most prized—the affectionate esteem of my pupils.

I thank you all, individually and collectively, for your constant kindness, forbearance and good-will to me since I came among you and more particularly

at this moment of my departure. I desire also to express to you all my most cordial good wishes for your happiness and success both during your school-days and afterwards. Within recent months the sons of the school have been offered an unique opportunity of making history and, incidentally, of bringing fame to the institution which fostered them. To their lasting honour, be it said, they have not been slow to grasp it. May each of you prove himself worthy of these glorious predecessors, and, be it in war or be it in peace, may you too be ever prepared to "do your bit" for the Empire, for the Dominion and for the old High School of Montreal!

Personally, I count it a great privilege and a great honour to have been associated with such a school, even for so short a time. Little did I think five years ago, when I first entered it as a member of the staff, that I should leave it to become a soldier.

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in

illis." Whether or when I return is on the knees of the gods. So, to quote the words of 'the noblest Roman of them all'—

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
If not—why than, this parting was well made."

D. H. CHRISTIE.



Letters from— —the Front

THE WORK OF THE PAY OFFICE

Tunbridge House,

Liphook, Hants, April 24th, 1916.

Dear Mr. Gammell,

When mother wrote me saying that you wanted some sort of a letter from me for the school magazine, I said to myself, "What's the use? I don't know anything about the war." Now that is literally true because, after all, I am in more or less of a backwater of the war, and although I have seen no end of preparations for war I have not seen anything of the real thing.

As you know, I have been over in this country about fourteen months and in that time a lot of things have happened. It was a year ago yesterday that the battle of Ypres started—and it was the battle of Ypres that put an end to the hopes of the 23rd Battalion of going to the front as a unit. We got word on the 26th of April last year that we must send a draft to the front to replace some of the casualties in the battle. By the first of May our whole battalion with the exception of the headquarters staff were overseas serving with many different units. The headquarters staff were kept together to form the nucleus of a new battalion, this time a battalion with no

hope of ever going to the front as a battalion. You will understand that to be dubbed a reserve battalion is just about the worst thing that can possibly happen.

From the 5th of May last until January of this year, I was Paymaster of the 23rd Reserve Battalion. During that time some three thousand or more men passed through the battalion and were drafted out to reinforce the 3rd, the 14th and the 22nd Battalions.

During all the time I was in the 23rd, Jack Parkes, an old High boy, was there. Jack got his commission just a short time after I got mine, and when I left Shorncliffe, he was Brigade Machine Gun Officer for the 12th Infantry Reserve Brigade.

At the middle of January I was appointed Assistant Divisional Paymaster of the Canadians at Bramshott, but before taking over my new duties I was Paymaster of the 11th Battalion for a month or so, and it was during this time that I met Norman. He was seemingly in the very best of shape, and just before I left he got his third stripe. By the way, that's about the hardest thing in the army and good sergeants are a lot scarcer than good officers. What's more they have a much better time.

I saw Frank Fortier at Shorncliffe. He was with the Engineers there and he has since been out and wounded, but not seriously.

There are about 18,000 Canadians in this command, most of them belonging to the newer units. Colonel Meighen has arrived here now and has taken over command of the 14th Brigade.

The troops in this command are fortunate. The camps are good and the men are very well fed in England, much better than they were in Canada. I say this last from personal experience.

Of course the branch of service that I know the most about is the one of which I am a humble member, namely the pay branch.

I hardly think that an outsider can readily appreciate the amount of work involved in looking after the pay of approximately 100,000 men. The head office, as it were, of the Pay Department is in London, nearly opposite the Houses of Parliament, and in this office, which



Lieut. Shirley G. Dixon, B.C.L.
Pay Office, C.E.F.

comprises the Record Office as well, are about one thousand men.

Col. J. G. Ross is at the head of this organization. I am not perfectly sure, but I think I am correct when I say that he is an old High boy.

Then, working under the Chief Paymaster are the Divisional Paymasters and their Assistants at Shorncliffe, and at Bramshott and in France.

I have heard the Pay Department described as an institution founded for the express purpose of keeping money from the people who are entitled to it, but considering the numbers and the difficulties that it is up against, I think that Col. Ross and those working under him are most successful in getting the money to those that are entitled to it.

I don't imagine that much that I have said will be of interest to the school, but, as I said before, I am in more or less of a back water of the war and I have not seen the real thing.

I am, yours very sincerely,

SHIRLEY DIXON.

One kid—"I ain't heard none of them giant crackers you was braggin' about."

Other kid—"Aw, get up to date, kid! I shot 'em all off, but I put Maxim silencers on 'em."

CHRISTMAS AT SHORNCLIFFE ENCAMPMENT

With the 4th Universities Co.

The hut we now call home we decorated with bunting and strings of Allied flags, with here and there sprigs of holly. We had no use for mistletoe. The long board tables we covered with white sheets of paper in lieu of table cloths. Down the centre at regular intervals we placed vases of flowers. Even the little round stove, which is supposed to heat our hut, but doesn't, took on a cheerful appearance and seemed to exhale warmth and geniality.

We were just sitting down to dinner at noon when Col. Carpenter, the Battalion O.C., and a group of officers entered. After wishing us the compliments of the season, the Col. introduced the Hon. Mr. Nesbitt, of Toronto.

Until that time I am afraid we had been feeling rather blue, for Christmas day, and we were so far away from every one and everything that makes Christmas the happiest time of all the year.

Mr. Nesbitt did not speak long. But during the few minutes he spoke, he gave us a message from home; a message from you of whom we think so often now when memories are all we have. A message from you; a message of love and pride and confidence. And the three ringing cheers we gave when he had done conveyed to him more eloquently than words could ever do, our appreciation of that message. Gave to him a message in return, a message from Canada's sons, who will never betray your trust, who, when the time comes, will go forward determined to do as those who have gone before have done, to keep the name of our Canada bright so that it will go down to posterity as one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of the British Empire, whose integrity and security is more to us than anything else in the world.

The dinner was one of those dinners Dickens used to like to write about. There was turkey,



"The Hut we now call Home."

ham, potatoes, Brussels-sprouts, pudding, mince pie, raisins, nuts, fruit, ale, ginger ale, ginger beer, cigars and cigarettes. Our cake was prevented from reaching us by a landslide near Dover, but it wasn't missed.

"To the boys in the trenches," shouted a corporal after we had toasted the King. So to the boys in the trenches we drank. To our brothers with whom we shall soon be, doing our little bit to keep the old flag at the top of the mast. And as we sang, "For they are jolly good fellows," there was a sob in many a voice and the tears that would not stay back rolled down the cheeks of the few of the glorious old Pats who were with us. On their breasts lay the ribbons of China, India, Egypt, Afghanistan, South Africa. Half in anger, half in shame they brushed the tears aside with toil-hardened hands and tried to sing. But their hearts were with their pals, lying "somewhere in France." Above each there stands a little white cross,—a little white cross that bears no name, only a number.

Outside the wind was blowing, almost a hurricane. To the south, the channel, across which our boys are fighting, was flecked with foam. To the north, the hills where Julius Caesar once encamped, were almost hidden by the driving rain. But inside that little hut where Canada's soldiers live, awaiting the call to the battle line, there reigned that peace and good-fellowship which two thousand years ago Christ brought into the world.

D. H.

OUR BOYS IN THE TRENCHES

Belgium,

March 30th, 1916.

I am writing this in a fine big Y.M.C.A. tent, instead of shivering around in the cold and rain as we were forty-eight hours ago. I think it was two days after I wrote the last letter that we moved up to the firing line, and we have been three days now back in reserve in a place that we have never been in before, near P—.

When we were in the dug-outs under the railway we were away up in the salient, and were therefore subject to artillery cross-fire. The first two days we were not troubled much, as only occasional shells were sent over to try to get transport and odd men walking along the road that ran parallel to, and about 250 yards in front of, our dug-outs. The next afternoon quite a lot of troops went along, however, and they started putting shells across at twenty and fifteen second intervals (this

sounds rather fast, but in reality seems very slow). They were using both shrapnel and high explosives, which sometimes fell short, and sometimes went too far. As the shells were coming across the road in our direction this brought them quite close and several "duds" (shells that do not explode) landed in the small lake just at our feet, throwing up tremendous splashes of water. (I forgot to mention that there was a large pond about 200 yards long and 100 yards wide, along the side of the railway.) We were all at our dug-out doors, watching the fun, when a lone straggler came along the road and started to cross the space that was being covered by shell fire. At first he went very cautiously from tree to tree. Then a big shrapnel roared over and exploded, and down he flopped beside the particular tree he happened to be close to at that moment.

We all yelled and shouted to him to move on and gave him several kind words of advice and condolence, to which he paid no heed; and as the shells began coming over faster he flattened out all the more. During the lull that followed he seemed to gain courage, and moved half-way across the road, evidently with the intention of getting over the side and down the embankment. Just then we heard another shell whistling in the distance. That decided him, and he gave one dive. Over the side he went, pack and all, landing on terra firma simultaneously with the report of the shell. Encouraged by his success, and more advice from the lines, he started cautiously to work his way along, flopping in the muck at every shell, and finally passed into the safety zone where he took to the road again. It all sounds commonplace set down on paper, but it was terribly funny at the time.

While all this was going on the Germans were also shelling a battery of ours just on the other side of the railway embankment, the shells coming in a direction at right angles to those intended for us, and as they were rather high explosives, there was some row! Whenever we heard one of these coming (we could tell by the deeper note of the whistle) we paid no attention, as we knew they were all headed for the battery and not for little us.

A couple of nights later we moved up to the trenches, going into support in a fairly large wood that was all shelled and mashed to bits. That afternoon it had been shelled rather severely and about eighty of the —nd of Montreal and the —rd of Toronto got it. The wood itself presented a most desolate appearance, as all the leaves and small branches had been stripped by shrapnel and rifle fire, and most of the trees cut to irregular

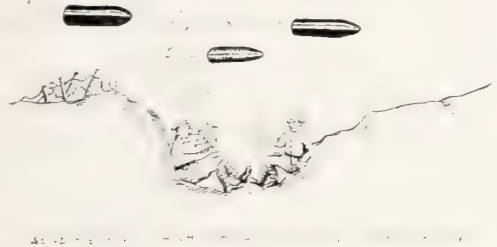
height by shells. It was all pine, and looked something like a forest after a fire. The first two nights we were in a part in which there were no dug-outs, that is, there was only one for the sergeants and the rest of the troops had to sleep in nooks and on the firing step. It only rained a little but was fairly cold. Our men have got used to little discomforts of this kind and there was practically no 'grousing.' They set to work and rustled sandbags and old water-proof sheets, etc., and made little shelters, so that we left the trench two days later much better than we had found it. While we were in it there was only occasional shell fire, though several dug-outs were smashed and men killed—none of our bunch.

On the morning of the day we moved to another part of the trench we were wakened at four o'clock by the most tremendous cannonade on our right. It continued for two hours steadily and then gradually died away towards noon. The whole air was throbbing with the concussion that kept our ears humming. We did not know till eight o'clock whether it was our attack or the Germans'. We knew it was in the neighbourhood of St. E——, and if the Germans tried to break through there it would endanger our position considerably as it is the base of the salient. It was with considerable relief we learned that we had exploded some mines and advanced through two lines of trenches. That evening we took over another part of the trenches that had dug-outs in it, for the remaining two days, it started to rain and blow a hurricane, besides being pitch dark, and the trench flooded in places and muddy all over. As you could not see an inch before your nose, except when a flare went up, and as I had to warn and get out a guard and fatigue party, I was fairish soaking and plastered as I wended my weary way to the dug-out about four o'clock p.m. I had just failed to negotiate a hole in the trench mat and was picking some of the consequent mud from my ears when a voice in front of me said, "Do you want any rum?"—after which I continued my journey and made my bed and went to sleep. That is the best thing about the rum issue, as even if you are soaking all over and chilled, it warms you up and sends you to sleep, so that you wake in the morning more or less dried and without the vestige of a cold.

Our dug-out was rather small for two as there was a bed (18 inches wide) on one side, then a trench mat for a floor, and a small table on the other side. The post of the table stuck through the mat tending to shove me toward the bed; but as there was water to the depths of six inches on both sides of the trench mat

I hammered in some small stakes to keep me from rolling over, put on all I had and jammed myself down sideways as there was no room to lie flat. Thanks to the tote of rum—after we had scoffed a tin of fish that had been sent up that night for us—I slept a dreamless sleep. In the morning I found that most of the surface water had drained off me into the adjacent gutters, and as the high wind continued, even though the sun came out, I hung my clothes on the near-by weeping willow tree, and all the world went well with me.

At some time or other that particular part of the wood had been heavily shelled and there were lots of whiz-bangs that had not gone off, sticking in the larger trees. (A whiz-bang is a three-inch shell.) One tree had a big six-inch shell that had entered back-end first, besides three of the whiz-bangs in pieces. I suppose the big one had hit some other tree a glancing blow and started turning over in its flight.



The second night we were relieved by the —rd, one of the new regiments that have only been out six weeks. Although the afternoon was fine the night turned out to be worse than the previous one. Sleet, hail, and rain, with a driving wind howling through the trees—with troops relieving and going out all mixed up together made some picture.

There was only one communication trench to get in and out by, and as it was too dark to see an inch before your nose the line was being continually broken by men falling off the walk into ditches and holes. There certainly was some language used that night. It took us three hours to get out of that wood, and then we had a short three-mile march, going to just the other side of Y——, where we entrained. It was the first time I had ever been through the city as we just skirted it when we came up. There are a few shells of buildings standing, riddled with shrapnel. All the rest are just heaps of stones and masonry, some even pounded to fine dust. Part of the Cloth Hall is still standing, with little bits of stained glass still in the leaded windows, but it was too dark to see well. I saw one or

two other examples of old Gothic, smaller buildings, and all pounded by shell fire.

On the far side of the town we came across a couple of real Jack Johnson holes, about 30 feet wide and full of water. The land all about the outskirts is more or less cultivated, the people either having come back or never left.

After some more walking we hit a railroad track that we followed for about 500 yards where we came across a train. They were real third-class carriages that we rode in—quite a change from the usual box cars. We are in fine dry huts, with only the usual drills, etc.

LOUIS ROBERTSON (H.S., '11)

ONLY A SOCK

The busy chatter kept time to the clicking of the needles. Three girls were walking home from school, talking so fast that the words fairly tumbled out. They were wondering why all the men had been called away from their work, only the women and girls being left. It was true that Germany was at war with France, but Belgium was neutral so they feared nothing. They gaily bade each other good-bye, no premonition of danger clouding their happy faces. Marie hurried up the path to her pretty rose-covered cottage, singing blithely as she went. That night as all slept peacefully the Dogs of War were let loose, and the devastation of Belgium had begun.

Marie stayed with her mother in the village until one awful day it was attacked, the Belgians driven back, and the village plundered and burnt. When the firing began her mother told Marie to go to the hay-loft, and that she would be there soon. The girl crouched in one corner, striving to shut out the sounds of the struggle going on around her. When all was still again she ventured to come out of her retreat. A dreadful silence hung over the village; on every side were evidences of the terrible battle. Her pretty home was now a mass of ruins so she stumbled blindly on, the fear in her heart becoming greater at every step. She must find her mother, she must—a stray shot, a sharp, stinging pain in her side—she had found her.

The next day reinforcements were sent to hold the village, and with them came the Red Cross nurses, ready to care for the wounded. But there was little they could do, the Huns had done their work too well. With a cry of pity one of the nurses came upon a pretty golden-haired girl, her knitting still clutched

tightly in her hand. She gently took the half-finished sock from the girl's hand before she called the doctor.

When the Red Cross nurse wrote home that week she enclosed the ball of knitting, and told how it had been found. The day the parcel arrived in England a recruiting meeting was being held, but although many men had joined, there were many who hung back. As the speaker of the evening rose to address the meeting, a burst of applause arose, for it was felt that he would stir the men by his eloquence. He was noted for his clear, low voice, which carried every word of his well-rounded phrases to the furthest corner of the great hall. But to-night there was something amiss. Several times he strove to speak, but could not. With an effort, however, he told them the story of the little Belgian girl who had died while doing what she could. As he held up the sock, with the needles still in it, the quiet of the hall was broken by a cheer that shook the walls. Every able-bodied man in that town enlisted that night.

JEAN NICHOL,
V.I.A., G.H.S.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Along the street they come;
There's many a man from a far off clan
Has answered that fife and drum.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Yet nearer and nearer they come,
And each of the faces is set and stern
And each grasps tight his gun.

"Are they going?" some one cries,
"Those boys of our loved band?"
Yes they're going to fight and going to wipe
The foe from the Belgian's land.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Yet fainter and fainter we hear,
And we turn once more to our daily toil
And pray God to guard those dear.

JEAN THOMPSON,
V.I.B., G.H.S.

Uncle Ned—"Why, Johnnie, you don't swear, do you?"

Johnnie—"No, uncle, I don't swear, but I know all the words!"

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOY SCOUTS

For some years past there has been talk of recruiting a troop of Boy Scouts from the ranks of the High School pupils. The difficulty lay in securing the services of a capable Scoutmaster, who would be at the same time in close touch with the ideas and traditions of the school. This was solved when Mr. Lordly, Secretary of the Provincial Boy Scout Organization, expressed his willingness to undertake the task with the aid of Mr. Lockhart, as Joint Scoutmaster.

Mr. Lordly had recently become Scoutmaster of the 14th Montreal Troop, whose membership was then very small. Its headquarters were transferred to the High School in November last, and about thirty-five



The Aquatic Team of the 14th Montreal (High School) Troop. Winners of the "Clouston Cup" for Swimming and Life Saving

pupils were enrolled in its ranks. With capable officials and a staff of instructors drawn from the teachers and the old boys of the school, the members of the troop have made great progress. A most creditable exhibition of Scoutcraft was given in the Gymnasium on the evening of March 3rd in the presence of a large number of boys, parents and friends.

During the past three months three members of the troop have earned the badge of King's Scout.

The staff of the troop are as follows:—

H. A. Lordly, W.S.M.
H. P. Lockhart, W.S.M.
A. L. Belasco, W.A.S.M.
D. J. Proudfoot, W.A.S.M.

L. R. Skinner, Instructor in Shooting.
Dr. Anderson, Instructor in Ambulance
Harold Corrineau, Instructor in Swimming and Life Saving.

John Taylor, P.L., King's Scout

Harold Coram, P.L.

Brodie Sterling, P.L.

Clinton Orrock, P.L.

Duncan Anderson, P.L., King's Scout.

Graham Gammell, P.L., King's Scout.

Bert Weldon, P.L.

Troop Committee—Mr. Dixon, Mr. Gammell, Mr. Powder.

"Can you direct me to Summits' Cascade?" asked a foot traveller of an old man who sat sunning himself on the stump of a tree.

"Yass; take your first left and follow it till you come to a fork where there's a clump o' huckleberry bushes, an' then strike off to the right. Follow that road till you come to three corners, then strike off to your left, and you'll come to Cy. Perkin's house. You'll know him because he wears plaid overalls. Yaller and green plaid, they are, an' his wife makes them for him. Some like 'em an' some don't. Anyhow you can judge for yourself. You'll laugh——"

"Excuse me," said the traveller, taking out his watch, "but I haven't much time. Will Mr. Perkins direct me to the Cascade?"

"I presume to say he can, but after you've seen these plaid overalls, a little mess o' water runnin' over a little mess o' rocks will seem pretty tame to ye," the old fellow chuckled.

THE TUTOR.

A tutor who tooted the flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot,

Said the two to the tutor,

"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

Dubbleigh's car lay flat on its side, deep in the mud of a freshly ploughed field.

"Oh!" cried a passerby from the roadside.
"Had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue but the strain was too great.

"No, of course not," he replied coldly. "I have just bought a new car and have brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pickaxe and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I don't seem to be able to dig very deep with my motor horn."

High School Beginnings

The year 1916 marks the close of a century of public school education in the city of Montreal, the early beginnings of which present many interesting features which may be fittingly recalled at the present time.

During the first two decades of the past century the educational work of the city of Montreal was carried on almost entirely by private schools, but in 1816, as the result of strong representations presented to the Provincial and Imperial authorities, a Government school was established in Montreal, known as the Royal Grammar School, which was liberally supported by Government grants.

In 1787 a committee of the Local Executive Council was appointed, with Chief Justice William Smith as chairman, to enquire into the state of education in the Province of Canada. This committee reported to Lord Dorchester in November, 1789, urging the importance of establishing academies or colleges in which Canadian youth could be prepared for the learned professions without seeking their education in foreign parts.

Ten years later the Right Rev. Jacob Mountain made strong representation to the Lieut.-Governor on this same subject, in which he pointed out "the danger which might result to the political principles and to their future character as subjects, of such of our young men among the higher ranks as the exigency of the case obliges their parents to send for a classical education to the colleges of the United States." To obviate this danger it would seem expedient to provide at least one good grammar school in the Province and to invite its masters from England.

These recommendations eventually led to the establishment of the Royal Institution of Learning in 1801 and to the appropriation of Government lands for the foundation and endowment of one seminary to be established at Quebec and one seminary to be established in Montreal. Owing, however, to the troublous times which followed in the home and colonial fields, no practical steps were taken to carry these plans into effect until 1816. In that year Government schools were established at



The Present High School of Montreal, occupied September, 1914.

Quebec, Montreal and Kingston, and masters were selected in England and sent out to take charge of them.

The Rev. John Leeds was appointed head master of the Montreal school at a salary of £200 a year with an additional allowance of £54 for rent. These amounts were to be a charge upon the revenues of the Jesuit estates. The head master was also entitled to receive the fees paid by the pupils, generally £8 per annum, but he was required to receive 20 pupils free upon the nomination of the Governor.

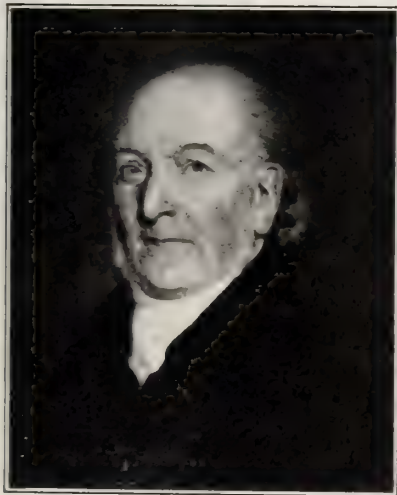
The Montreal Grammar School was established in St. James street and Mr. Leeds soon associated with himself in the work of the school Mr. J. Andrew, while he devoted some time to the duties of assistant minister in the Church of England Parish of Christ Church under the rector, the Rev. Dr. Mountain. An advertisement at the close of the year 1817 informed the public that it is proposed to continue the various branches of an English education with the proper business of a Grammar School, the former to be conducted by Mr. J. Andrew and the latter by Mr. John Leeds. By this arrangement a classical and a commercial department were early provided in this first Government school.

In the following year the Rev. John Leeds succeeded the Rev. Dr. Mountain as rector of the parish of Montreal, and a vacancy soon

At the close of the eighteenth century, while leading citizens of Montreal were considering seriously the subject of superior education for their sons, two young men were being trained in Scotland, who were destined to play an important part in the educational history of



H. Aspinwall Howe, M.A., LL.D.,
Rector of the High School of Montreal, 1848-1891.



Alexander Skakel, M.A., LL.D.,
Headmaster of Royal Grammar School, 1818-1846.

the two provinces of Canada. They were fellow students of the same university; they both took a partial course in Theology in preparation for the Presbyterian ministry; they came to Canada about the same time to enter upon Educational work. After a few years in Canada they both connected themselves with the Church of England. One of these young men, Mr. John Strachan, afterwards became Bishop of Toronto, and the other, Mr. Alexander Skakel, laid the foundation of superior education in the city of Montreal. Although their spheres of labor were widely separated they remained intimate friends throughout their lives.

Born at Fochabers, Banffshire, Scotland, January 22nd, 1776, Mr. Alexander Skakel obtained the degree of M.A. from King's College, Aberdeen, in 1797, and came to Canada in the following year. After spending one year in educational work in the city of Quebec, he was invited by a number of Montreal gentlemen to establish a school in Montreal. In 1799 Mr. Skakel removed to Montreal and began an educational career which extended over nearly half a century.

Mr. Skakel's school, which was known as the Montreal Classical and Mathematical School was held at 43 Little St. James Street, just east of Place d'Armes Hill. The scholarly attainments and sterling character

occurred in the mastership of the Royal Grammar School. The Rev. John Leeds soon retired from the parish of Montreal and served for 30 years in the parishes of Brockville, Fort Erie, and Coteau du Lac.

of the enthusiastic head of the school inspired the pupils with love for their studies, and secured for the school a well-deserved reputation during the early years of the century,



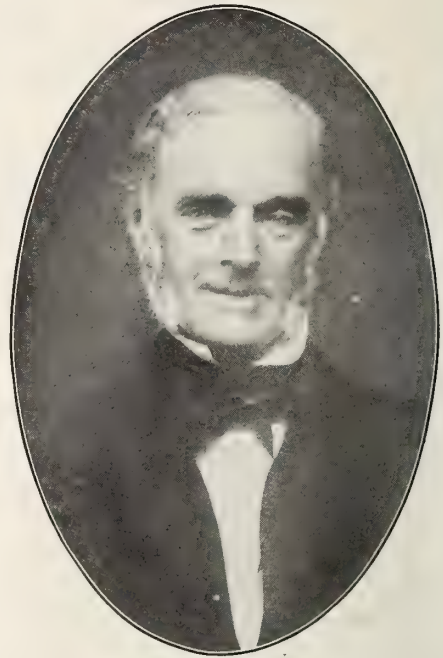
Mrs. Scott,
First Lady Principal of the High School for Girls, 1875-1880.

which attracted to it the sons of the leading families of Montreal. Many of the boys of the time, who were to take a leading part in the development of the new country, received



Prof. James Pillans, LL.D., of Edinburgh University,
Chairman of Board of Referees, who drew up the Constitution of the High School.

their early training at the hands of Mr. Skakel. Among these I may mention the names of Sir William Logan, the Hon. Judge Badgley, Dr. Holmes and Dr. Archibald Hall, men who played an important part in the history of their country, and whose culture and love for science and literature can be traced to the influence of the Montreal Classical and Mathematical School. Mr. Skakel's success as a teacher naturally led to a gradual increase in the number of pupils, and assistants were employed to provide for the increased attendance. In an early advertisement of the school, the names of Messrs. Roy, Jacobs and Whiteside appear on the list as assistant masters.



T. A. Gibson, M.A.,
Senior Master in the High School, 1843-1868.

When the Royal Grammar School of Montreal became vacant, through the resignation of the Rev. John Leeds, the members of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning recommended Mr. Alex. Skakel, B.A., for the position of master of the Government school, and the appointment was accordingly made. Under the able management of Mr. Skakel and the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, the Government Grammar School attained and held for a score of years a high reputation as the classical and mathematical school of Montreal.

Among the regulations governing the Royal Grammar School we find that the head master was required to receive twenty free pupils

upon the nomination of the Governor-in-Chief; that a public examination of the schools shall be held annually and that the original object of the foundation was to supply classical education. In reference to the Government pupils, it is intimated "that the Royal Institution is desirous of recommending those only whose parents from rank or station in society have just grounds to desire a classical education for their sons."

While engaged in the arduous work of building up a classical school in a comparatively small community, Mr. Skakel found time to take a leading part in promoting scientific and philanthropic work in the city of Montreal.



David Rogers, M.A.,
Mathematical Master, High School, 1847-1875.

Mr. Skakel maintained popular courses of lectures on scientific subjects in the city of Montreal for about twenty years, and when he finally abandoned the work he placed his collection of valuable apparatus at the disposal of McGill College. Mr. Skakel took a leading part in the foundation of the Natural History Society of Montreal and in the establishment of the Montreal General Hospital, where he was a member of the first building committee and Secretary of the Board of Management.

In recognition of the important services which he had rendered to the cause of education in Montreal, Mr. Skakel had the satis-

faction of receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from his Alma Mater. At his death in 1846 he bequeathed all his property to the Montreal General Hospital. A fine portrait



James Belden,
Assistant Master in the High School, 1843.

and a mural tablet in the General Hospital now commemorate his important services to that institution.

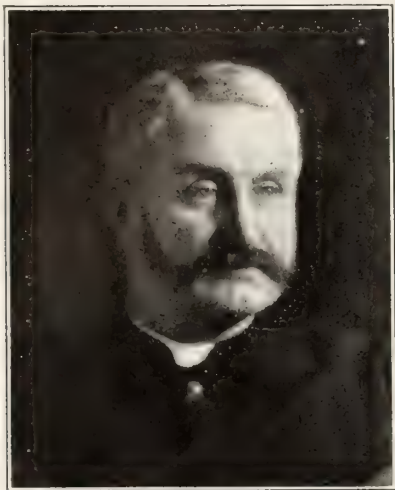
During the closing years of Dr. Skakel's services, the Royal Grammar School had declined in efficiency because of the infirmities of age and the reduction in the revenues of the school, and the citizens of Montreal felt compelled to take formal steps to make more satis-



The First Building for the High School, afterwards occupied by the McGill Normal School and now by Belmont Street School and by the Offices of the School Board.

factory provision for the higher education of the youth of the city.

Early in 1842 a preliminary circular was issued, calling the attention of the Protestant population of the city to the inadequacy of existing conditions and to the urgent necessity of taking immediate steps to provide satisfac-



Rev. E. J. Rexford, LL.D., D.C.L.
Rector of the High School, 1891-1904.

tory schools for superior education, and under date April 20, 1842, an explanatory statement was issued, 'An Exposition of the Plan of the Projected High School of Montreal,' which bore the signatures of seven of Montreal's leading citizens, namely: Alex. Buchanan, Esq., advocate; M. McCulloch, Esq., M.D.; Wm. Lunn, Esq.; J. G. McKenzie, Esq.; D. Fisher, Esq., advocate; James Ferrier, Esq.

In considering the best methods to pursue in establishing an important institution of this kind in a young and rising country, the promoters decided that it would be a wise and prudent course to frame the new institution in accordance with some approved model of undisputed excellence among the institutions of the Old Land. They accordingly adopted the High School of Edinburgh as the special model and a Board of five referees residing in Edinburgh was appointed to advise with the Montreal Committee in the preparation of a constitution and course of study for the new institution, and in the selection of masters.

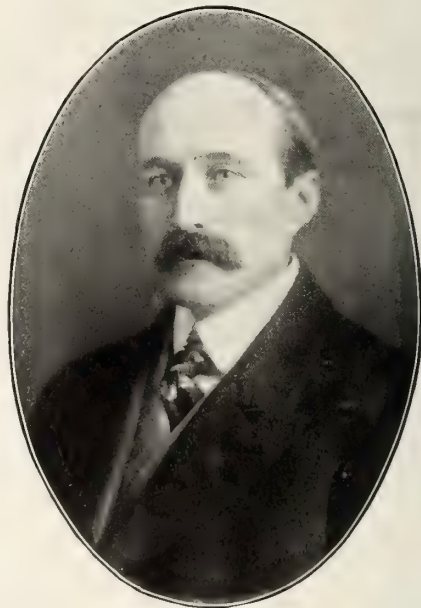
Professor Pillans of the University of Edinburgh, and Dr. Carson, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, were members of the board of referees. In the meantime the Montreal committee was engaged in securing and fitting up a suitable temporary home for the new school. The Bingham Building, on

the corner of Notre Dame Street and St. Denis Street was secured for this purpose. As the home of one of Montreal's leading families and for a time the vice-regal residence it furnished desirable quarters for the new school. Its imposing exterior, its extensive grounds, and the grandeur of its interior decoration, combined to lend an air of importance to the school and to exercise an elevating and a refining influence upon the pupils.

In due time the local committee was informed that the referees in Edinburgh had selected and engaged the Rev. George Foster Simpson, M.A., for head master of the High School of Montreal. Mr. Simpson was a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and had been for a short time the Principal of Hull College.

He was a tall, good-looking man of dark complexion, of refined and gentlemanly instincts. He proved to be a good disciplinarian and an excellent teacher. Two masters were also selected to come out as Mr. Simpson's assistants, namely Mr. James Belden and Mr. T. A. Gibson.

The High School was formally opened in the Bingham Building, September 25, 1843, with the Rev. George F. Simpson, M.A., as rector,



Wellington Dixon, B.A.,
Rector of the High School, 1904.

Mr. T. A. Gibson and Mr. Jas Belden, assistant masters, Mr. L. Potel, French teacher, Mr. John Cook, writing master, Mr. James Duncan, drawing master. There was an attendance of 65 pupils. The number of pupils continued to increase until they reached 167

when the Directors determined not to receive any more pupils until the re-opening of the school after the summer holidays.

The first closing exercises of the school were held in the large hall of the Bingham House on July 15, 1844. The Hon. Peter McGill pre-

School of Montreal and placing it under the management of fifteen directors, five of whom were to retire each year.

In order to provide for the rapid growth of the school, the question of erecting a suitable school building engaged the attention of the directors. A desirable site was secured at the head of Beaver Hall Hill, the plans were prepared and adopted involving an expenditure of over \$40,000 for the erection of a new building for the High School.

The second closing exercises of the school were held July 11, 1845, in temporary quarters on St. Paul Street in the presence of His Excellency, Lord Metcalfe, Governor-General of Canada. At the close of the morning's exercises the members of the school and the friends of education formed in procession and lead by the band of the 93rd regiment marched up McGill Street and Beaver Hall Hill to lay the corner stone of the new building.

Upon reaching the site selected for the purpose, Mr. D. Davidson presented an address to His Excellency, Lord Metcalfe, setting forth the history and the object of the school and inviting his Lordship to lay the corner stone of the new building. The corner stone contained the following inscription:—

"The High School of Montreal was opened in 1843 and was incorporated by Act of the Provincial Legislature March 17, 1845. The corner stone was laid by Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, Baron Fern Hill, Governor-General of Canada and of British North America, on the 11th day of July, 1845, in the ninth year of Queen Victoria.

"(Signed) George Moffatt, Daniel Torrance, D. McCulloch, Benjamin Holmes, William



Mrs. Fuller (Mrs. F. W. Kelley),
Lady Principal of the High School for Girls, 1880-1894.

sided, and His Excellency, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Governor-General of Canada, was present and took an active interest in the proceedings. The cheerful and hopeful tone of the rector's report encouraged the friends of the institution to look forward with confidence to the future. The first place in the school was taken by Alfred Driscoll, who was therefore the first dux of the High School of Montreal.

The High School was under the management of a Board of fifteen directors and as the work developed and the financial responsibility increased, the board of directors felt the necessity of seeking incorporation, and accordingly on March 17, 1845, the Provincial Legislature passed an act incorporating the High



The Fraser Institute, formerly Burnside Hall, the
Home of the High School, 1854-1878.

Murray, J. J. Day, Joseph Savage, Charles Geddes, B. H. Lemoine, George W. Campbell, W. C. Meredith, William Lunn, James Ferrier, John Young, D. Davidson, secretary-treasurer."

This first High School building, situated on Belmont Street, was afterwards purchased by the Government and known for many years as the McGill Normal School building.

ing attendance led the rector, the Rev. G. F. Simpson, to tender his resignation at the close of the session. On returning to England, Mr. Simpson opened the Lincoln Grammar School, where he met with great success. Many of his pupils attained distinction as classical scholars. He died suddenly in April, 1857, and was buried in Canwick Road Cemetery, at Lincoln. His pupils contributed £40 for the erection of a cruciform altar tomb over his grave, which bears the following inscription:—

"Erected by the pupils of the Lincoln Grammar School in memory of their lamented and much respected Master, Rev. G. F. Simpson who died suddenly April 28, 1857, aged 47 years."

At the time of Mr. Simpson's resignation, Mr. H. Aspinwall-Howe was acting as tutor in the family of Lord Ellesmere. Through the kind offices of Lord Colbourne and Lord Ellesmere, Mr. Howe's name was brought under the notice of Prof. Pillans of Edinburgh, one of the referees of the High School, as a suit able person for head master of the High School of Montreal. Dr. Howe was appointed in due time and took charge of the



Miss Georgina Hunter, M.A.,
Lady Principal of the High School for Girls, 1904-1911.

On the death of Dr. Alex. Skakel, of the Royal Grammar School, in 1846, an Order in Council was passed transferring the privileges of the Royal Grammar School to the High School of Montreal. This marked the beginning of the series of Government scholarships which have obtained in the High School of Montreal from this date down to the present time.

The session 1847-48 proved to be a very trying one for the High School. The heavy debt upon the building, the lack of interest on the part of the directors, and the decreas-



Miss Lillian M. Hendrie,
Lady Principal of the High School for Girls, 1911.

school at the opening of the session 1848-49, with T. A. Gibson and David Roger, who had been serving for some time in the High School under Mr. Simpson, as the leading teachers of his staff.

Dr. Howe continued to direct the fortunes of the High School of Montreal for nearly half a century as rector of the High School and master of the Royal Grammar School.

In 1853 the control of the High School was transferred to McGill College and in March, 1854, the High School classes were removed to the new Burnside Hall at the corner of Dorchester and University Street, which they occupied jointly with the college classes. On the 2nd February, 1856, Burnside Hall was nearly destroyed by fire and for a few months the High School classes returned to the old High School building in Belmont Street. On October 17th, 1856, Burnside

Hall was reopened and continued to be the home of the High School of Montreal until it was removed in 1878 to its new home under the Protestant Board of School Commissioners in a fine stone building between Peel and Metcalfe Streets.



The High School, Peel Street, 1878-1890.

What is the greatest riddle in the world?

Life, because we must all give it up.

What are the most inquisitive rivers?

The Wye, the Wen, and the Ware.

What is the most popular air?

The millionaire.

There is quite a bit of crookedness going on in the U. S., but we are glad to see the Dominion Square.

V.A., M.H.S.



The High School, Peel Street, 1892-1914

A Holiday in Brittany

"Wake up, dear! Wake up!"

I opened my eyes and gazed dreamily at someone, and then mother, for it was she, brought me over a huge cup full of hot chocolate and a plate with a large piece of bread and butter on it and told me to sit up and eat my breakfast. Breakfast in bed!



Concarneau—Rue des Remparts, Ville Close.

Where was I, anyway? I did not remember this room.

"Don't you know, you're in Brittany. Now eat your breakfast quickly, for you have a great deal to see."

Brittany! Oh yes; it all came back to me now—our crossing from Southampton to St. Malo, the previous night, when I felt so uncomfortable. It couldn't have been seasickness on that little English Channel! Then our peep into the quaint, old, walled town, followed by that long, hot journey, which had taken all day, and, lastly, our arrival at Concarneau, where aunty and my cousins had met us. This all flashed before me, and then, too, I remembered our glimpse of the sea and all the fishing boats by moonlight, and I jumped up eager to see what the town looked like by day.

Mother had been out early and had visited the market, already in full swing, so I was anxious to explore also. As soon as I was ready, we all set off on our way to the beach, but we took our time, for everything was so

strange that I wanted to have a good look around. As we left the hotel, I noticed a number of people having their breakfast, or 'petit dejeuner,' on the terrace in front, so we decided to have ours there too, after that.

Nearly all the inhabitants were dressed in peasant costume. The women wore queer white caps, thick black cashmere dresses trimmed with velvet, around their necks fluted collars, about six inches wide, which stuck out, somewhat in the Elizabethan style, and aprons, which were white cotton for everyday wear, but handsome embroidered silk for Sundays. Many of them carried their knitting or crochet and worked as they walked along. The men, who were mostly fishermen, wore sailor caps and jackets and big slouchy trousers. All wore sabots, which made such a funny clattering in the streets. When they went into their houses they left these by the door, only keeping on the thin felt shoes, which they wore inside their wooden ones.

Besides these, however, there were many visitors from Paris and from England, for Concarneau was so picturesque that it was swarming with artists.

Before long we reached the market where old men and women sat under their big coloured umbrellas, selling their wares from huge baskets or from their stalls. Such bargaining as there was before anything was sold! It



Concarneau—Le Beffroi et Pont de la Ville Close.

was really very comical, and yet the whole scene reminded me greatly of our Bonsecours Market, but, of course, the costumes were different.

Across the road from the market was the harbour, and in it was a small island, shut in by high walls and battlements.

What was inside that broad, high wall, and how could we get across to it? Oh, there was the drawbridge, which was never raised now, and what a dear old sun-dial! We crossed the bridge and entered the quaint old town of "Ville Close." It was scarcely a town, for it had only one long narrow street and two lanes at the backs of the houses. Here the peasant women had a different style of cap from the one worn in the outer town and they considered themselves apart from the others. What chiefly attracted my attention were the little low houses with the stone stairs outside leading to the upper rooms. There was an old church from which a side road led to the street. There all the peasants used to worship on Sunday, dressed in their best apparel. At the end of the street was a slope leading to the wharf where several ferries were always waiting to take you across to the mainland. This morning we retraced our steps through the town and when we had again crossed the drawbridge, we walked down past the harbour in which there were numbers of fishing smacks with pretty patched sails, and the nets drying in the wind, ready to be mended.

We strolled along by the sea but although it was so bright and sparkling we were especially interested in watching the women washing their clothes on the rocks in a stream which ran into the bay, and the men repairing their nets.

At length after passing several fish factories, and further on, hotels and other houses, we arrived at the beach where we were to bathe. There were the rows of little bath-houses, with the tiny waves lapping on the brown

always heard was so rough. It was not rough then; no, it was wonderfully warm, calm and buoyant. We coaxed and teased to stay in longer, but at last we had to come out, and by the time we were dressed we had to hurry to be in time for "dejeuner."



Concarneau—Le Cale et les Thoniers.

We spent nearly a month in this dear old place, sometimes going on boating excursions, sometimes having blackberry picnics, often taking long walks or drives about the country and always making new friends amongst these plain fishing people.

In the mornings we used to be wakened about four o'clock by the clatter of the peasants' sabots as they went to work in the fish factories. From that time on there was not much more sleep, but then there was always a lot to be done and seen, even at that early hour. One of our windows looked over an old convent garden, and sometimes we used to see the sisters and girls walking up and down in it. At intervals during the day a bell rang to summon them to pray in a dear little chapel belonging to the convent.

One day shortly before we left, there was great excitement all through the town, for those soldiers who had served their allotted three years for their country were returning, and others were being taken in their places to serve their time too. There was a grand march up and down every street, gathering the new recruits, who were singing and waving flags as they joined the others. These were cheered by groups of peasants, while small boys ran beside, beating tin pans and shouting.

Little did we think then that those light-hearted boys, along with many of the gay spectators, would so soon be serving their countries in earnest against a real and terrible foe—many never again to return to their homes.

But may the time be not far distant when peace shall again reign and when tourists and artists shall once more visit the quaint old Brittany town of Concarneau. J. G. C., VI.A



Le Lavage du Linge.

sands in front of them, and out in the bay beyond were the fishing boats with their many coloured sails. Such a picturesque scene had attracted many artists, and the beach was tented with easels. Now, however, we scarcely noticed them, for in less than no time we were splashing in the water.

So this was the Bay of Biscay, which I had

TO TAKE UP MISSION WORK ON LABRADOR COAST

Miss Isabel Millen (G.H.S., 1913) will leave on June 21st to spend a year on the Labrador Coast. During the summer months she will be engaged in teaching and in the winter she will travel up and down the coast with the nurse and will take up industrial work with the women and children. Miss Millen was one of those who was responsible for the High School Magazine when it first started as a printed paper in the Fifth Form of the High School for Girls. In the Sixth Form she was a most efficient business manager for the paper, which was a great success from a financial, as well as from an artistic and literary point of view. We wish Miss Millen every success in her enterprising work, and hope that the magazine will have a letter or article from her sometime during the next year.

DER HERO.

Hans Dudelheim voss braver more
Dan any mans dot voss;
All by himselbst he burnt a church
Undt gets der Iron Cross.
Some vomen, undt some children too,
Anoder day he shot,
Undt so, for making frightfulness,
Vonce more der cross he got.
He flew to England von dark night,
Anoder cross to vin,
Undt killed some vomen mit a bomb
Dropped from a Zeppelin.
For hiding mit a maxim gun
Inside an ambulance,
An extra large-size cross he von,
Der noble-minded Hans!
He vent into a cellar vonce
Mit comrades eight or nine,
Undt got der Iron Cross again
For drinking all der vine.
So, vinning crosses all der time
He vent his cultured vay,
His chest voss covered up mit dem:
He von dem twice a day,
Undt ven he had no room for more
He hung dem on his back,
Undt also down his trouser-legs,
Undt on his haversack.
Until beneath der load he fell
(Der veight voss tons undt tons),
Undt so to Krupp's dey took him, schnell!
Undt made hime into guns.

(Copied.)

NO MORE

No more I hurry off to school,
(The time—I dare not state)
No more I climb those endless stairs,
No more I hear, "You're late!"

No more I gasp in chemistry
As chlorine fills the air;
No more do sums in algebra
Give me a single care.

No more does Virgil bother me,
Nor have I to translate
Just the parts unknown to me,
Nor Caesar's wars relate.

No more, when reading French, I strive
That French it should appear.
No more when reports are handed out
Am I possessed with fear.

No more while skating at the rink
And having lots of fun,
Must think I of to-morrow's test
And home-work left undone.

"But why no more?" I hear you ask.
"Has all this come to pass?"
No—but should fortune favour me in June
I may make this plaint—alas!

RAY FRIEDMAN,
VI.B., G.H.S.

"IF"

(With apologies to Kipling)

If you can read at sight the poems of Virgil
Or Homer's choicest tale elucidate;
If you can sweetly warble operettas,
Or paint with 'nonchalance' a picture great,
If Geometry for you has no black pitfalls,
If Algebra is just a single game;
If you with ease can pen off weekly theses,
If at Literature you're just about the same,
If you excel in every art and language,
If all the science laws are known to you;
If talking French, folks think you've come
from Paris,
And if your History is always perfect too,
If you can do all this and yet have time to
Run away with trophies in the 'gym,'—
Welcome! For we would dearly like to see you,
This vision of the girl who "might have
been."

VI.B., G.H.S.

Our Graduating Classes

CLASS WRITE-UP—VI. A

M. Bourke—

You ought to see him shoot the baskets, oh!
Just reaches up and, presto! in they go.

G. Brown—

What shall I say of this poor luckless wight?
He aims to join the army and to fight.

H. Coveler—

A fatty lad, just stout and comfy-o.
His voice is sweet—an angel's, don't you know.

A. Dectar—

A little chap, with massive head and brain;
He might dissolve if left out in the rain.

J. Dugan—

One held in much esteem by every one.
A good old sport and always ripe for fun.

S. Dworkin—

A golly-wog; a hockey player, too.
The deeds of men he sees quite through and through.

M. Firth—

The innocent who hails from Pt. St. Charles.
He never fights and hardly ever quarrels.

G. Franklin—

A passing clever boy. In fact the pass-
ingest that we possess in this fine class.

R. Fraser—

The monied gent who lately bought a Ford
And bound the broken fore wheel up with cord.

G. Foster—

Stout "Bunny's" fond of cake and other things,
And very, very fond of female things.

L. Freedman—

The elder brother of the Freedman pair;
He always smiles and always speaks you fair.

M. Friedman—

Fond of the fair ones—very fond of them,
This scion of the house of Ham and Shem.

N. Freedman—

"Empty kettles make the great noise."
And this is also true of little boys.

R. Henry—

A youth who smelleth of the wide, wide sea;
His father's captain of the brig "Nancy."

H. Hershon—

He rarely speaks except when spoken to.
He does his best—more nobody can do.



The Sixth Form A. 1916

Back Row, Left to Right—F. Singer, L. K. Freedman, S. Dworkin, I. A. Popliger, O. J. Lummis, G. Franklin, A. A. Dectar, W. M. Firth, N. B. Freedman, I. Signer.

Second Row, Left to Right—T. G. Major, O. Schaffer, D. I. Shvemar, G. S. K. Brown, N. Vineberg, P. Meyerovitch, M. Ratner, E. A. Oliver, I. N. Pesner, H. A. Boucher.

Front Row, Left to Right—G. B. Foster, R. H. Mook, W. Dixon, B.A., Rector; R. Fraser, R. B. Henry, J. L. Dugan, Class President; G. H. Nichol, T. B. Reith, M.A., Class Master; W. M. Bourke, M. Friedman, H. Hershon.

O. Lummis—

His head is made of sonnets, so they say;
Mayhap he'll be the laureate some day.

G. Major—

"Sleek headed men and such as sleep o'
nights."
He should have lived in Ceasar's time by
rights.

P. Meyerovitch—

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look."
So Franklin thinks his hash he's going to
cook.

R. Mook—

Hail, hearty cobbler of the Roman crowd
Who braved with jolly jest the tribune
proud.

G. Nichol—

The lesson monitor of old 6A
Delights in Charlie Chaplin's funny play.

E. Oliver—

The tall, pale youth who burns the midnight
oil,
And picks the fruit of conscientious toil.

J. Popliger—

He's "Battling Pop," Beau Brummell of 6A,
Keeps doing deductions all the live-long day

J. Pesner—

A strange young chap with quite a squinty
smile.

Him knew a heap—yet him forget a pile.

M. Ratner—

That hair! Those freckles! And those eyes
to match!

D'ye think I'll pass? I do not care a patch.

O. Schaffer—

Thou carrot top! Disturber of the peace!
Where did you get that tie with careful
crease?

D. Shvemar—

Another Greek with countenance sublime.
He hails from good old London's foggy clime.

J. Signer—

A softly spoken Greek, a boy of parts,
I'm sure he's rather partial to jam tarts.

F. Singer—

A Greek who thinks he owns the whole
blame show,

At least the masters think so, don't you
know.



The Sixth Form B. 1916

Back Row—B. Herscovitch, W. Schippel, J. Friedman, W. Beattie, M. Anderson, M. Blaiklock, W. Kilgour, L. Sheraga, O. Owens.
Second Row—J. Weiner, J. Patterson, D. Jones, P. Radley, S. Brown, L. Levitsky, B. Silverman, I. Pevzner, M. Scherzer, C. Schultz.
Front Row—L. Williams, C. Harris, P. S. Scott, Pres.; Orrin Rexford, B.A., Class Master; Wellington Dixon, B.A., Rector;
D. McEachran, Vice-Pres., H. Sunderland, K. Kent.

C. Smith—
The winsome youth who passed exams. last
year;
Latin and Greek are all he has to fear.

N. Vineberg—
Oh me! Oh my! What's this I've come
upon?
I do not know, so, thank you, I'll close
down.

VI. B.

M. Anderson—
"His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan."

W. Beattie—
"What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!"

M. Blaiklock—
"Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a
straw."

S. H. Brown—
"His stature manly, bold and tall,
Built like a castle's battered wall."

J. Friedman—
"Once there was a little boy
With curly hair and laughing eye."

C. R. Harris—
"Thy very hair doth stand on end like quills
upon the fitful porcupine."

B. Hirskovitch—
"It's the little things that count."

D. Jones—
"His only dissipations are his dreams."

K. Kent—
"Yet bears he such an angelic air."

Kilgour—
"He was a man in aspect grave and sage."

L. Levitsky—
"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

D. C. A. McEachran—
"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great?"

O. N. H. Owens—
"He was of stature passing tall,
But sparsely formed and lean withal."

J. Patterson—
"High and majestic was his look."

I. Pevzner—
"A plain blunt man that love my friend."



The High School Club—Y.M.C.A.

- P. E. Radley—
 "Judge a man by his questions and not by
 his answers."
 M. Scherzer—
 "Music hath charms to soothe the savage
 breast."
 W. Schippel—
 "'Tis worth, not size, that makes the man."
 C. Schultz—
 "For always am I Caesar."
 P. S. Scott—
 "The steady brain, the sinuous limb,
 To leap, to dive, to climb, to swim."
 L. Sheraga—
 "Take Euclid for your teacher."
 B. Silverman—
 "Much learning hath made thee mad."
 H. Sunderland—
 "The women praised his stately form."
 J. Weiner—
 "His form it was of middle size
 For feats of strength or exercise."
 L. Williams—
 "Much study is a weariness to the flesh."

VI. B. G.H.S.

- Lena Ashkalooney—
 And all her thoughts are poetry,
 And all her words are flowers.
 Marjorie Baikie—
 One of those bright bewitching little creat-
 ures
 Who, if she once but looked and smiled,
 Would soften out the ruggedest features.
 Bessie Ballantyne—
 She would weep if that she saw a mouse
 caught in a trap.
 Isobel Binning—
 A smile right here, a smile just there,
 A light upon her sunny hair;
 A tall straight girl with eyes of blue,
 That's Isobel Binning through and through.
 Daisy Borland—
 One with so jolly an air that she puts every
 one she passes in a good humour.
 Violet Brook—
 Her voice is like the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so clear.
 Rebecca Contant—
 From her whole figure, altitude and coun-
 tenance there breathes something alert,
 - wiry and strong.
 Enda Couper—
 A happy girl with sorrows few,
 Beloved by friends, both old and new.
 Etta Engel—
 She's little but bright, with taking ways.
 Ray Friedman—
 Behold this young maiden when she smiles,
 Like the young moon is in its rise.
 Marion Hall—
 When she will, she will;
 When she won't, she won't;
 And there's the end of it.
 Gertrude Kneeland—
 Wayward as the Minnehaha
 With her moods of shade and sunshine.
 Marjorie Lambly—
 One who plies her books to the end that she
 may obtain knowledge.
 Mildred Maxwell—
 A person who had little tongue
 And ne'er a bit of cheek.
 Marjorie Mott—
 One who is steady at work
 And never does shirk,
 And ever is at the fore.
 Clara Millar—
 She'd rather be a simple maid
 Than turn to fashion's glass for aid.
 Una Phelan—
 She chatters and smiles,
 Has many wiles,
 But also a will of her own.
 Marjorie Ramsay—
 Sheba's fair queen in all her pride
 Was not arrayed like thee.
 Christine Rorke—
 Behold this maid in her careless play
 Laughing the hours of youth away.
 Ethel Pick—
 Life is a jest,
 And all things show it.
 I thought so once
 But now I know it.
 Sarah Rosenbaum—
 Sweet sleepy maiden,
 Dear pacific soul.
 Violet Smith—
 A violet by a mossy stone
 Half-hidden from the eye.
 Sylvia Stikeman—
 Thus do I wag through the world,
 As merry as a thunderstorm in the night.
 Isobel Young—
 In action prudent and in word sincere,
 In friendship faithful and in honour clear.
 Jean Thomson—
 I quarrel not with destiny,
 But make the best of everything.

CLASS PROPHECY—VI. B., G. H. S.

I stood in the valley of Nothingness. Somber cliffs towered far above me, darkness stretched beneath me; everything about me was chill, dank and gruesome. I knew not which way to turn, for on either hand I was shut in by like horrors; a feeling of loneliness and despair had taken possession of me.

As I stood forlorn, pondering my next movement something, what I know not, caused me to gaze on the heavens. I beheld a strange sight. Out of the darkness there was rolling towards me a blazing ball of fire—another sun, but brighter, greater and much more beautiful! I dared not look upon it. Frantically I gazed about me for an explanation, but saw only the blackness of night. Once more I raised my eyes. There it was! Rolling through the night, straight towards me! I could not take my eyes from it but stood as one transfixed; and as I stood, the blazing

sphere drew nearer and ever nearer, falling at last before me, crashing into a thousand myriad particles.

Then I felt as one transformed. Dullness and despair fell from me as a cloak and I gazed in rapture on the many wonders about me. Sparkling brilliantly, the magic particles illuminated the whole region—they glittered with dancing iridescent fires, darting many-colored flames. Fascinated, I could not resist the temptation to bend closer. I exclaimed aloud in my delight at what I saw—each tiny particle brought before me scenes of the great world; in each glittering crystal I could see the chums of my girlhood.

One particle, larger than the others, attracted me and I gazed intently upon it. Clearly and sharply-defined, I saw a large auditorium; in it were seated hundreds of college girls. A question of weighty purport was under discussion. Finally one of the black-gowned girls rose to speak and, as one,



VI. B.—G. H. S.

Top Row—Isobel Binning, Sylvia Stikeman (President), Lena Ashkalooney
Second Row—Sarah Rosenbaum, Mildred Maxwell, Marjorie Ramsey, Edna Cowper, Isobel Young, Jean Thompson, Marion Hall, Una Phelan
Third Row—Ray Friedman, Etta Engel, Violet Brooke, Hilda Smith, Daisy Borland, Marjorie Baikie
Fourth Row—Gertrude Kneeland, Christine Rorke, Rebecca Contant, Ethel Pick, Marjorie Lambley, Margery Mott

the whole assemblage turned in her direction. I wondered who it was that could thus command the attention of the whole multitude and strained my eyes for a glimpse of her face. I found the young lady to be Sylvia Stikeman, our well-beloved class president. As I listened to her golden oration, I gazed about me and soon discovered other familiar faces in the crowd. Chief among them, and also taking an active part in the discussion (which I afterwards learned was a debate, "Resolved, That the chief purpose in life is to have a good time") was Una Phelan, still the chum of "Stike."

But I could tarry no longer, for fresh marvels called me. Into one crystal, I gazed enthralled. A graceful danseuse was holding enchanted a crowded theatre. There were calls of "encore," flowers were thrown profusely upon the stage. "Well done, Rebecca!" I murmured. Of all of us, Rebecca Contant at least had realized her dream! I was about to turn away when something held me back, just as a familiar form appeared upon the stage. Yes! As of old, the beautiful voice of Violet Brook held her listeners spell-bound. I gazed to see who her accompanist was and saw Gertrude Kneeland, the same Gertrude—gentle and sweet as ever.

Coming thus unprepared on so many chums of my youth put me in a reminiscent frame of mind. I thought of the girls as they were in that last year at school together—of the beautiful Marjorie Baikie, of the "always-in-hot-water" Christine Rorke, and so on through the list, wondering what had become of them all. Nor did I wonder long. I saw before me a magnificent hall of art; crowds were before one work, the one which had gained the prize at the spring exhibition. I approached and read in a corner of the canvas the one word "Baikie."

So speedily was this panorama enacted that I cannot remember in what manner many of the scenes were brought before me. But they all remain fixed in my mind.

I recall hearing a voice say, "No! Not that way! Like this!" and searching for its origin I saw a class at mathematics, and enthroned as teacher was Chris Rorke. I noticed all over the room were allusions to "Rorke's axiom" and "Rorke's hypothesis."

In the same school, I found a very earnest group of scholars. In fact so studious did they appear, that I drew closer only to discover that the book they were so eagerly perusing was "The Greek Language—As It Should Be, But Is Not," by M. Lambly. "Could that be our Marjorie?" I asked my-

self. Fate answered me, for at that moment there entered the class-room the highly-esteemed Greek instructress, Marjorie Lambly, M.A. With her coming, wisdom and knowledge pervaded the whole atmosphere, so much so that I scurried off, ashamed.

For a long time I gazed at one gleaming morsel baffled. I could see nothing but books, books, books of all natures and descriptions. Then I noticed a movement among the volumes, and saw devouring first one book, then another, and yet another, my old friend Sarah Rosenbaum. I called to her, but she exclaimed dreamily, "Sh! There are still 1,978,645,320 books that I haven't read!" I sighed, but turned away.

As if by magic, another picture presented itself before my eyes. Here a group of perhaps one hundred people were assembled. From expressions that were let fall, I gathered that their object was to reform the world, and some of the ideas propounded were such as to make even Plato and Aristotle "sit up and take notice." A sudden commotion drew my attention and I heard the chairman announce, "Miss (he mumbled, so that I lost the name), the very famous speaker, will favour us with an address. Her subject will be 'Nothing—and What It Is.'" There was great applause while the speaker made her way to the platform and began her address. Her eloquence moved the throng; sincerity was in every utterance. Reporters were busy taking notes in shorthand. One I heard saying, "Great stuff! Here's a scoop for the Globe!" I recognized the voice; here was Daisy Borland, reporter-in-chief of the "Globe." "Who's the speaker?" I asked her. "Why, don't you know?" she asked me pityingly. "That's Ray Friedman, author of 'A Sojourn in the Realms of Maybe So.'" "Wonderful!" I ejaculated. "Wonderful!"

"I've to hurry off. Have an interview with Isabel Binning, champion golfer and star player of the 'International Basketball League,' and Margery Mott, best all-round athlete in the Dominion. They leave for the Olympic games next week. 'Bye!'" Before I could protest she was off like a shot. All I could do was to pick up a copy of the paper she had dropped. I discovered Mildred Maxwell to be the editor-in-chief. It did not need a glance at the editorial to tell me that the principle of this newspaper was "Honesty First."

I turned a page or two to the Joke Department, which was under the able supervision of Ethel Pick. I learned also that in addition to laughing through life, Pickles had taken up

aviation, and had in three months succeeded in smashing one arm and seven monoplanes.

In the classified advertisements, the following caught my glance:—

Comfort and Cheer for All who Gaze
on Me. Apply Bessie Ballantyne.

The Ninth Marvel of the Age
Reads Your Innermost Thoughts.
Apply Clara Miller, 144 End of Nowhere.

Once more the scene was changed. Now I was in a huge library and as I glanced to see who was in charge I saw, in the role of librarian, Marion Hall—as calm, as cool, and as placid as in the old days. Just as I was about to speak to her, a figure rushed in. "At last, she cried in an excited tone, "At last my life-work is completed! Here it is, the most wonderful invention of the century! One drop of this liquid will solve any problem in Algebra, Geometry or Trigonometry with ease!" And she waved a bottle, labelled "H.O." Feelingly I blessed this benefactress of mankind; she was none other than the brilliant Etta Engel. After congratulating her, we all departed for a room on the second floor, where a grand fete was in progress. "It is an annual concert given for the crippled orphans, under the auspices of Miss Violet Smith, the great settlement worker. The children adore her," I was told.

Not among the least active workers I saw Marjorie Ramsay, known to fame as the greatest violinist on either continent, even royalty had requested her presence. Another of my old classmates was entertaining the children, the charming Edna Cowper, now "queen of the movies."

One ball of fire, directly in front of me, claimed my notice. What could this be? Here I saw medals and trophies. "Why!" I exclaimed, "the owner must have excelled in every known science and art!" But I was not puzzled long, for I soon perceived that they were won by that bonnie Scotch lassie Isobel Young, who, as I remember, "always did things well." In conversation with her, I saw Jean Thomson. They were still firm friends, and it seemed that Jean was relating all the wonderful adventures that she had experienced on her recent trip to South Africa, where she had organized a mission. "Good old Jean!" I wanted to say, but, suddenly and

marvellously, all the myriad lights about me began to twinkle, the jewel-like fires gleamed and with a thousand flashing lights and glittering flame-like darts, the particles were mysteriously restored into the original blazing ball of fire—which went rolling off through space, far, far into the black night. And I stood there dreaming and wondering, with the blackness of night enveloping me as with a mantle,

L. E. A.

QUITE SO!

Old lady—"Conductor, which end of this car do I get off at?"

Conductor—"It stops at both ends, madam."

J. T.,
V.I.B., G.H.S.

Pedestrian—"My little man, did you see a load of monkeys passing by here?"

Boy—"Why? Did you drop off behind?"

J. T.,
V.I.B., G.H.S.

IT IS TRUE

That some current jokes wouldn't make good jam.

That stuck-up people just naturally paste their friends.

That when a girl "draws the long beau," it is not four-foot-six for her.

That a hen with a rubber neck isn't always a spring chicken.

V.A., M.H.S.

ANSWERS IN EXAMINATIONS

"Julius Caesar was murdered at the Cinema House."

"The flannelette peril means petticoat government."

"A corps is a dead gentleman; a corpse is a dead lady."

V.I.B., M.H.S.

Ajax had just defied the lightning.

"Ajax, you old fool!" came a feminine voice. "Don't you know enough to come in out of the wet?"

Whereupon he meekly obeyed, as a well trained husband should.

V.I.B., M.H.S.

"Much Ado About Nothing"

Presented by Sixth Form A, G.H.S.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Name	Seen in Lime Light	Cue	Next Cue	Poet's Tribute
Sophie Black	Studying	Why is that the subjunctive?	Teaching Latin	Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind.
Bella Benjamin	In composition lesson	O my!	Writing	Her eyes of blackest black our eyes endure.
Joan Coles	As "Curly Locks"	Tell me something, I don't know anything.	Neat-handed Phyllis	She doeth little kindnesses Which most leave undone, or despise.
Sarah Cohen	A la vogue	How do you mix P and KCLO3?	Still a fashion plate	How far that little candle throws its beams.
Jean Deery	Seen but not heard	Where is the place?	Time will tell	The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.
Eileen Dudgeon	Prinking	I beg your pardon?	At the movies	A tall, upright, serious slender maid.
Fanny Fenster	Cramming	What is the answer?	Trusting to Providence	Along the cool sequestered vale of life She keeps the noiseless tenor of her way.



VI. A. G. H. S.

First Row—Fanny Scheffer, Marjorie Pullan, Jean Deery, Bella Benjamin, Sophie Black, Clara Terdiman, Mary Hefflon, Kathleen Swan,
Eileen Dudgeon, Sarah Cohen, Bertha Meyer, Enid Phillimore, Orpha Kilbourne, Hilda Vibert
Second Row—Fannie Fenster, Greeba Williamson, Grace Gillson (President), Germaine Wood, Queenie Savage,
Helen Nichol, Lucille Roston, Jean Nichol, Joan Coles, Eileen Flanagan.

Name	Seen in Limelight	Cue	Next Cue	Poet's Tribute
Eileen Flanagan	Expounding logic	Mr. R.—The word "nascor" is derived, Miss Flanagan, from what Greek verb?	Editing a "Daily"	The world belongs to the energetic
Grace Gillson	Disciplinarian	There is only one cent in the Red Cross box	Doctor Gillson	I awoke and found that life was duty
Mary Hefflon	Blushing	I must go to the Library	Singing in Grand Opera	The fring'd lids of deep blue eyes With soft brown tresses over-blown.
Orpha Kilbourn	Mute	Be silent, that ye may learn	In the mission field	Gentle words are always gain
Bertha Meyer	Always busy	I'll try	Happily married	I hate nobody, I am in charity with all the world.
Helen Nichol	Dramatically inclined	Just like that!	A Playwright	The very life seems warm upon her lips, The fixure of her eyes has motion in it.
Jean Nichol	Looking in the Mirror	O Heavens!	Principal of a Boarding Seminary	She mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth; If she had any faults she has left us in doubt
Enid Phillimore	Half an hour late	I started in time, but—	Wedding Bells	Beautiful as sweet, And young as beautiful and soft as young And gay as soft, and innocent as gay.
Marjorie Pullan	With the other sex	I should worry!	"Mademoiselle"	Oh! why should life all labour be?
"Rule" Lucille Roston	As an orator	O My Aunt!	Exercising her "Rule and sway"	She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, And pleasant, too, to think on.
Queenie Savage	Radiating smiles to the world	Where is Miss Mac-C?	Acrobat	A smile that tells the joy unconquer'd, In which her spirit dwells.
Fanny Scheffer	In the orchestra	I don't want to miss that practice	A distinguished violin virtuoso	And French she spake tu'll well and tenderly
Alice Smith	Copying notes	It's in the book	Teaching?	O don't you remember Sweet Alice, Sweet Alice with hair so brown?
Kathleen Swan	Arguing	Well, I think—	Silent?	So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, so much to be.
Clara Terdiman	Knitting, knitting, knitting	I wonder how that happened?	Capturing the unexpected	And gladly would she learn and gladly teach
Hilda Vibert	Solving problems	Do you think we shall have a test?	Professor of Mathematics	She wisely tells what hour o' the day, The clock does strike, by algebra
Greeba Williamson	Being graceful	Heaps of chocolate sauce, please.	Premiere Danseuse	A dainty lass with many a wile, A slender form and the dearest smile.
Germaine Wood	Laugh, and the world laughs with you	O Horrors!	Red Cross Nurse	Her unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

England's Master Poet

"He was not for an age, but for all time." This was the tribute Ben Jonson paid William Shakespeare, the poet and playwright, and although the praise may have seemed extravagant then, time has shown that it is well merited.

Shakespeare made the stage: "he found it a few rude boards with a blanket for a curtain, he left it a field fit for a prince." When as a very young man, lured by the theatres of



After Caesar's Death.

London, this marvellous poet-to-be wandered to the city of wonders, he found the stage and dramatic conditions in a very crude state. But indeed, it may have been well that this was so, for this undeveloped state of affairs gave him the chance of displaying his great genius to the full. Slowly but steadily he improved the type of drama and thoughtfully directed many improvements in theatres themselves.

At first he had many discouragements and setbacks. People, especially the lower classes, who had been the chief supporters of the playhouses, failed to appreciate the better type of drama; while the upper classes had firmly set themselves in a rigid position as regards "all play-actors and play-acting."

To improve the stage was not, however, the main object of Shakespeare's life; he felt he must give the world his message—the message of wisdom and truth—and by his wonderful gift of the poet he was able to do this in a way which few have equalled. He presented to us a world made up of whatever realities he might choose to illustrate and we see it through his eyes. He set characters before us, not labelled 'good' and 'bad,' but performing characteristic actions, and, seeing them, we learn to judge them as he did. We accept his measure of their success or failure, and as we do so, weigh ourselves in a like balance.

How clearly he shows the evil of 'ambition' in "Macbeth," of 'self-indulgence' in Antony, or of 'pride' in "Coriolanus." It is thus that the dramatist has an immense advantage over a mere preacher, for he is able to present the truth he wishes to drive home in such interesting situations, without detracting from the force of the moral intended to be conveyed. What more is needed to make us realize that Shakespeare succeeded in his great desire, than the fact that all the world is celebrating this year the tercentenary of his birth, and that he is hailed as the greatest English poet.

In our school we have tried to add our share



The Cast for "Julius Caesar," Sixth Form Boys.

to the world-wide celebrations. The boys of the Sixth forms, after many months of hard and serious work, presented "Julius Caesar." This was indeed an achievement of which the boys may be justly proud, and the labour ought to be compensated for by the delightful evening they gave those who were present. Perhaps another not less important compensation will be the delightful anticipation with which the boys await Monday morning, June the twelfth—matriculation examination in English Literature.

This production was followed a fortnight later by "Twelfth Night," given by the girls of the Fifth and Sixth forms. No one who saw this will soon forget it. The scenery and costumes were delightful, and the girls kept up the reputation of past years' plays and set a high standard for those to come. The proceeds of these two entertainments were devoted to the Patriotic Fund and the Y.M.C.A. Fund for work at the front.

V.I.A., E. C. F.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Balance, "As You Like It,"	\$ 20.43
Interest.....	.48
Tickets, "Twelfth Night"—	
Boys' side.....	19.50
Girls' side.....	59.65
Door receipts	53.55
War tax	2.09
Total	\$155.70
Expenditure	53.30
Total	\$102.40
Proceeds going to Y.M.C.A. Overseas Fund.....	\$100.00

The proceeds from "Julius Caesar" amounted to \$104. net. Of this sum \$29 was voted by the boys to the Boy Scouts Troop and \$75 to the Belgian Relief Fund.

There was a young lady named Dolly
Who exclaimed, "I do so love holly!"
But if you must know,
I prefer mistletoe;
For to kiss underneath it is jolly."

There was a young fellow of Lynn,
who grew most distressingly thin.
One day he essayed
To drink lemonade.
But he slipped through the straw and fell
in. V.A., M.H.S.



THE HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY CLUB

During previous years we have had a monthly School Magazine, but last year marked the epoch of the Literary Club, which took its place during the year, the magazine being published only in June. Last year the Club was quite a success and this year we have done our best to make it a still greater success.

The membership of the Girls' School was greater than that of the Boys'. This was apparently due to the impossibility of the boys binding themselves to attend the meetings regularly. However, as for some "unknown" reason, they, as well as the girls, turned out in large numbers to the meetings of the Club, we shall say no more, but be content with the excellent attendance each afternoon.

Three meetings were held during the term, the first of which was free. At the other two, five cents admission was charged. The total receipts were \$61.55. The programmes were well carried out and contained some very good items. "John Gilpin," presented by Fourth Form C, of the girls was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and great credit is due those who helped to make so great a success.

The sketch, "Box and Cox," was well received, as were the dances by Miss Barwick and the bugle calls by Clive Sproule. The recitations, songs, readings, piano solos, dialogues were no less appreciated, and we hope that those who will be in the High School next year will as enthusiastically contribute to the success of the afternoons spent at the Literary Club.

At two of these, debates were the chief attraction. One of these was serious in character, the other humorous. The resolution of the former was "That Preparedness for War leads to War." The affirmative was headed by Louis Levitsky, while Christine Rorke captained the negative side.

The second debate was to the effect "That umbrellas are better than raincoats." This produced a great deal of laughter and was greatly appreciated by the audience. The affirmative side, Moeck and Kent, won the

decisions over their opponents, Sunderland and Foster.

The High School Literary Cup, which was formerly presented to the class giving in the best contributions to the magazine, was on these occasions given to the class which furnished the best items on the programme. It was won by the following:

Sixth Form girls, represented by Christine Rorke, the leader of the winning side in the debate.

Fourth Form C Girls, for the representation by shadow pictures of "John Gilpin."

Sixth Form Boys.

The cup will be presented in June to the class contributing most ably to the Annual.

We were much indebted to our High School Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. MacKenzie, for giving us many pretty selections on these occasions.

Altogether the Literary Club, though yet in its infancy, has had quite a successful year and although we regret not being able to publish the High School Monthly Magazine, yet we feel that the L. C. meetings have not only made up for it, but have also given the pupils of the coming year an opportunity of exhibiting their literary as well as dramatic abilities.

Let us hope, therefore, that the pupils of next Fifth and Sixth Forms will as faithfully and profitably carry on the work of the High School Literary Club.

H. BOWEN,
V.A., M.H.S.

"THE KILTIES".

Dedicated to the 73rd Royal Highlanders.

Tramping, tramping, tramping
On the paved streets,
Well we "ken" the Kilties,
With their bagpipe-squeaks.

Drilling, drilling, drilling
Over Fletcher's Field;
"Yince" more we see the Kilties
As their strength they yield.

Marching, marching, marching,
Kilt wi' kilt abreast:
Whenever do these Kilties
Take a needed rest?

Tramping, drilling, marching,
Whatever they may do,
If you meet a Kiltie
You then "maun" know "who's who."

TED ROUGH,
IV A., G.H.S.



THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, 1915-16.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held Friday, September 24th, 1915. The suggestion was made that this year three teachers should be asked to take office as Advisory Council. The election of officers was as follows:—

Honorary President—Miss Hendrie.

Advisory Committee—Miss Brittain, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Seymour.

President—Queenie Savage.

1st Vice-President—Greeba Williamson.

2nd Vice-President—Edythe Warren.

Secretary—Roberta Osborne.

Treasurer—Marjorie Lees.

Assistant to Treasurer—Bessie Chauvin.

The Club has been more active this year than last, going on fourteen excursions. Our first trip was to the McGill Stadium on the occasion of the McGill sports held there. In



Gymnasium Exhibition, Clown Dance.

the early part of November we went to the Art Gallery to see the American exhibition.

Owing to the resignation of the Treasurer on account of illness, a meeting was held Nov.



Gymnasium Exhibition. Skating Dance.

19th to elect another, Hope MacIntosh being chosen.

One glorious day in November Miss Brittain and Miss Sproule took the girls on the mountain to see the wind-gauge. It took a long time to convince the girls that the instrument always turned in the same direction, but finally they gave in.

I guess many girls dreamed the night after we went to the Redpath Museum; there were so many skeletons and stuffed animals in the building that every time we turned we thought we were either amongst ghosts or in a forest.

A few of the girls, accompanied by Miss Hendrie and Miss MacCallum, went to the Chateau de Ramezay on Friday, February 11th.

The R. V. C. Rink was again obtained for Friday afternoons and many enjoyable afternoons were spent skating. When the weather was bad we played indoor games in school.

Saturday mornings saw many girls at Strathearn School to play basketball. The Junior Interscholastic Championship was won by our Junior Team without the loss of a single game; the Senior Championship was



Gymnasium Exhibition. Dutch Dance.

lost by one match. After these games were over we played Trafalgar Institute in their gymnasium, and were sadly beaten, but when they came to our school, we were the victors.



Senior Basket-ball Team

Roberta Osborne, Greeba Williamson, Queenie Savage, Ruth Reynolds, Isobel Binning, Marjorie Pullan

In the series of inter-class matches V.B. won. When the basketball season was over the girls took up another sport—indoor baseball.

Last fall we played tennis on the Y.M.C.A. courts, Dorchester Street, till the end of October. The championship games were played at the end of the last school year, Queenie Savage winning the trophy and Edith Murray the second prize. It is to be hoped that we shall be able to use our own tennis court this year.

Altogether this has been a very successful year and the Club takes this opportunity of thanking Miss MacCallum and others who have been so keenly interested in the welfare of the Club.

ROBERTA OBORNE,
Secretary.



Gymnasium Exhibition. Colonial Dance.

THE ALUMNAE SOCIETY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

The first meeting of the year 1916 was held at the High School on Thursday, March 23rd, with the following officers at its head:

Hon. President—Miss Hendrie.
President—Dorothy Slack.
Vice-President—Rita Maver.
Secretary—Elsie Michaels.
Treasurer—Mary Stewart.
Assistant Sec.-Treas.—Beryl Reynolds.

Miss Norah Pedley, who had kindly consented to speak to us about her work in Dr. Armstrong's Hospital at the front, was unable to do so on account of sickness. The meeting, however, proved very interesting, its chief feature being a talk by Mrs. Wakefield on the Labrador Mission. After tea the meeting adjourned.

We feel, however, that the Society is not accomplishing its end of keeping the graduates together, for although many were informed that the meeting was to take place,

the attendance was exceedingly poor. In fact, as preparation had been made for so many who did not come, a large box of sandwiches and cakes was sent to the Khaki Club.

Early in the year a branch of the Alumnae Society was formed to do Red Cross work. Through the kindness of Miss I. M. Hurst we were enabled to get our material and to return our finished work with no trouble at all. Miss Florence Aylen was appointed chairman, and with several of the members as heads of the knitting, machine sewing and hand sewing committees we have accomplished more work than we even hoped to do. We wish to thank the workers who are not members of the Society for their much appreciated help, without which our Society would never have proved so successful.

ELSIE M. MICHAELS,
Secretary.

ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING

Roaming in the gloaming
In the cool of spring-time's dusk;
The cheery frogs are trilling,
There's a subtle scent of musk.

The river's like a sheet of glass,
Reflections deepen, massive, dun.
The sunset fades, its glories pass,
The stars come twinkling, one by one.

Then the placid thoughts come stealing
O'er the mind fit to receive them,
Thoughts of home, and what will happen
In the years now fast approaching.
Will it be a soldier's glory:
Death upon a field of battle?

or

Being denied that boundless honour,
Will it be upon the home bed,
After years of useful labour,
Growing foodstuffs for the Empire?
Be it as the fates have ruled it;
I will try to live contented
In the office or the workshop,
In the field or in the battle.
All I ask is, "Be it granted!"

Mary had a little lamp;
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time a young man called,
The little lamp went out.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

It was in the month of November last that a few High School boys conceived the idea of forming a School Orchestra. They saw that there was a fair number of instrumentalists attending the Girls' and Boys' High School, and realized that by providing musical entertainment at public functions, a properly trained orchestra would be a valuable addition to the many school activities. On organizing, the members found that they were fortunate in having as one of the masters at school, Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, a man highly qualified as a musician and ready to take charge of the conducting of the orchestra.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Mackenzie the orchestra, which consists of fifteen members, has been holding weekly rehearsals and has made its ensemble playing so satisfactory that on every public appearance the conductor and players have received the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

To date the orchestra has been heard on six public occasions, as follows: at three Literary meetings, at two plays, and at the Christmas School Closing.

The orchestra has been receiving every encouragement from the Rector, as well as from Miss Hendrie and Mr. Gammell, who take great interest in its development. The music is supplied by the school authorities, its choice, however, being left entirely to Mr. Mackenzie.



Duncan Mackenzie, M.A. (Edinburgh)
Director of Music, High School for Girls.

THE FIFTH FORM MASQUERADE, G. H. S.

In the opinion of the girls of the Fifth Forms, perhaps the most interesting event in the school year was the masquerade held on Tuesday, November 2nd. There was a great variety of costumes, and it took some time for the identity of the guests to be discovered. If any one masquer drew more attention and admiring comment than another, that masquer was Miss Muriel Wilson, who was costumed to represent the British Navy.

The Fifth Forms were much gratified that so many teachers honoured the party by their presence.

The most thrilling moment was when the lights suddenly went out, and there glided into the room, unexpected and uninvited, but nevertheless welcomed, a company of ghosts, noiseless, save for the fiendish discord they drew from so-called musical instruments. It was only after many vain attempts that the guests discovered that the disembodied spirits were the dignified Sixths whom Miss MacCallum had, for the occasion, converted into wraiths.

That the white company was real flesh and blood was, proved, beyond a doubt, during refreshments and the dancing that followed. The whole evening was most enjoyable.

H. M., V.A.

THE BOARD OF PREFECTS

This has been the second session in which prefects have been elected and appointed. The idea in having prefects is to have responsible boys of the senior forms to supplement the work of the masters and to form a connecting link between the boys and the masters. The position of prefect is held by the boys for the period that they remain at the school. Their duties are purely general and the use of their powers subject to their own discretion.

During the past year M. Cohen, one of the prefects, resigned, while L. McCaw, another of their number, left school in April to enlist with the 66th Overseas Battery.

Mr. Gammell and four of the prefects represented the school at the funeral of the late Col. Yates, and throughout the year they have represented the boys on several occasions. They are nine in number, five elected by the boys and four appointed by the Rector. The prefects for the past year were:—

From the Sixth Form—Head prefect, Jas. L. Dugan; secretary N. Vineberg; G. S. K. Brown, B. Silberman, P. Scott, D. C. A. McEachran.

From the Fifth Form—R. Winter, L. McCaw (enlisted).

N. VINEBERG, Secretary.

THE "PRO PATRIA" CLUB, G.H.S.

The year 1915-16 began with the reorganization of the Pro Patria Club from a Fourth Form Club into a School Club. The Club was then divided into departments for knitting, bandage-rolling, and sewing. The results of this new system have been very gratifying, each department looking after its own branch of the work very thoroughly.

In October, the Club sent twenty-three dozen comfort-bags to No. 1 Canadian General Hospital (Lt.-Col. F. Finley, C.O.). The bags were very much appreciated by the recipients, some of whom were Canadians.

From several we have received letters of acknowledgment. In December the girls dressed four dozen dolls and sent these with parcels of books and toys to the Soldiers' Wives' League for distribution. Gifts of books, woollen articles, and parcels of magazines and sweets were sent to the Khaki League and to the front. (This branch was outside of the regular work entirely).

The results of this year's work are as follows:

Knitting Department—175 mufflers, 75 pairs socks, 96 pairs wristlets, 210 washcloths, 15 caps.

Sewing and Bandage-making Departments—811 handkerchiefs, 131 head bandages, 9 tray-cloths, 83 towels, 1,090 bandages, 62 body-bandages, 32 slings, 13 bed pads, 75 many-tailed bandages, 5 bandage protectors.

A total of 2,992 articles.

A great deal of hard work has also been done by the Pressing and Despatching Committees. The Club wishes to convey its heartiest thanks to all friends who have given money, materials, or help.

Respectfully submitted.

LORNA KERR,

Secretary.

REPORT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL FIELD DAY

On Monday, the 27th of September, the annual Field Day and Track Meet was held at the M.A.A.A. grounds. The weather was beautiful from a competitor's point of view, but rather chilly from the spectator's. As a result the attendance was not as large as it was last year.

On account of the long programme, some of the less important events took place in the forenoon.

W. R. Kennedy, of IV.A. carried off the Rector's trophy by a wide margin. He won three firsts and a second, which is exceptionally good.

The Junior Aggregate Cup was won by Clayton Bourne.

B. Taylor won the M.A.A.A. medal for the 220 yards dash. In this sprint he made the good time of twenty-six seconds.

The Sixth Form Trophy of 1885 went to Coulter Dennison.

Two records were broken this year. C. Bourne set a new mark of twelve feet, ten and one-half inches in the long jump, under thirteen years. Five Y.A. made a record of one minute, twenty-six seconds in the one-third mile juvenile relay.

Altogether it was a very successful day.

LIBRARY REPORT, 1916 September to April inclusive.

BORROWERS' REGISTER

Staff—	
G.H.S.....	29
H.S.....	21
Pupils—	
G.H.S.....	429
H.S.....	529
Total.....	1008

CIRCULATION OF BOOKS

Staff—	
G.H.S.....	268
H.S.....	258
Pupils—	
G.H.S.....	3846
H.S.....	4938
Total.....	9310

Books added to the Library—

Gifts	183
Purchases.....	224
Periodicals, vols. bound	14

Total 421

Books catalogued 444
Number of books in the Library, about . 3500

C. S. H.

A Week in the Woods

Prologue—The following tale describes a trip undertaken last summer by a party of boys belonging to a Camp situated "somewhere in the Laurentians." The object of this trip was to actually paddle a canoe on the surface of Lac Cypres, a body of water five miles long, lying about twelve miles from Camp as the crow caws. But since a canoe can't make a noise like a crow or jump mountains, the actual journey mapped out was very circuitous, and they eventually reached the lake at the end more remote from Camp.

Ever since the organization of the Camp, the possibility of this lake being the goal of an exploration trip had often been conjectured from its position on the map, and in recent years one or two trips on each annual programme had been directed towards it; so it was evident that a large amount of accumulated interest (like a forgotten bank account) was attached to the successful attempt, which will now be described.

Monday—"First horn" awoke the sleepers to as propitious a day as could be desired for the start of a trip. Under a bright sun in a cloudless sky, they hurried down to the lake shore and washed, first, however, attiring themselves in their trip clothes which consisted mainly of a khaki shirt, strong trousers, thick socks and "beefs." A hearty breakfast was eaten, and then horse-collars were rolled. In doing this, each rubber sheet was stretched on the ground, and the necessary blankets were folded so as to almost cover it; on top was placed a complete change of clothing, and then the whole thing was rolled up and tied with cords in two or three places. The ends were brought together and fastened, and the horse-collar was then ready to be slung over the head.

Meanwhile the chef had been preparing the provisions, so that the call for haversacks soon issued from the kitchen. Every fellow hied him thither, and the different articles of grub that could be conveniently carried were distributed. The rest of the grub went in the pack along with the tent fly. By this time willing hands had placed the two canoes in the water, and the trippers trotted out, loaded up and took their places.

Before they unduly disturb the calm waters of the lake, let us inspect them. In the green canoe were Mr. P., to whose enthusiasm and

energetic pioneer work the final success of the trip was ultimately due; Ed, the constructive genius, long and lanky, and of great understanding (he wore No. 9 boots). Les, whose cheerfully witty remarks kept the crowd in good humour; Gordon, a modest tenderfoot of an inquiring mind, undergoing hardening; and Neil, of unlimited lung, vocal and pedestrian power. In addition there was one axe, one cutlass, one pack, and one water-spaniel, Sport, who would as often swim a lake as run around its shore. In the red canoe were Paul, the all-seeing great northern diver; Clarry, a lean but muscular, bronzed youth; Brodie, a canny camper of sterling qualities; and Bruce, a hard-working sphinx. One axe, one hatchet, one troll and the pots accompanied them.



Paul, the Diver

They're off! Along the beach, through the channel, across Lac Tire and up the winding Pembina River they ploughed their way. Now the Pembina River has such a unique course that it defies adequate definition, yet it must be mentioned. Any compass would become dizzy and lose its magnetism if used to indicate it. Generally speaking, it flows from Lac Pembina to Lac Tire, although many times in between it tries to change its mind. If the actual route of the river was straightened out, it might stretch to Coutu's Dam. Its course may be described as a series of short straight lines joined by arcs of great and even greater curvature. The river, in short, makes Tennyson's "Brook" sound like Euclid's definition of a stright line. Nevertheless the

geometrical intricacies of this stream are balanced by its great natural beauty. At one point on the river, the party saw fresh signs of beaver work.

The fellows of course had to get out later and carry the canoes around Aubin's Dam. This took but a minute or so, and they continued up the river. Soon Lac Pembina was reached and crossed, and then they entered the Provost River. Half an hour later found them in the middle of long narrow Lac Provost, hurrying to shore to protect the provisions from a heavy shower. This was effected by combining two horse-collars and utilizing the rubber sheet thus obtained. The shower passed in a little while and they left Lac Provost behind and entered Lac Lajoie, which consists of two large bays separated by a wide curved channel. Twenty minutes of paddling brought them to the foot of the Rat Trail, where they disembarked and prepared to portage the canoes. This was their first piece of real work.

Paul and Clarry took the red, while Ed and Mr. P. handled the green. Each of these four slung a horse-collar round his neck, and after hoisting the canoe over his head, allowed a thwart to rest on the horse-collar. The trail started with a steep hill and tested their perseverance to the limit. At the top of it they distinctly envied Atlas. The first portage is generally the worst anyway, because one isn't used to it. Presently the sound of the Rat Falls informed them that the journey was half over. Near the end of the trail, after much groaning and grunting, the red canoe struck a tree and, of course, came down on the heads of those underneath it. Now this is a most unpleasant and irritating sensation, just like being sand-bagged, so it was not surprising that the canoe fell down and rolled a few feet away. After divers injured feelings had been relieved, the canoe was picked up and carried to Lac des Rats, a small double lake joined by a short crooked channel. At the far end of this they encountered the Boisfranc Trail. This trail mounted up, up, up, slowly and steadily, passed over a nice hardwood ridge, and dropped suddenly to Lac Boisfranc, a fairly small lake of green water bordered by steep wooded ridges on each side. The party of the first part with the red canoe were considerably ahead, and like true campers had a fire going and pots heating by the time that the party of the second part arrived.

As soon as it could be prepared, dinner, consisting of diluted beans, toast and tea was served. Dishes were then washed up and packed away, and the canoes continued down Lac Boisfranc until they arrived at the

Brochet Trail. This was a somewhat longer edition of the previous trail, except that the descent to Lac Brochet was less inclined and more extended than its predecessor.

Lac Brochet is a fair-sized lake of three bays and it was the middle bay which the canoes crossed. The crew of the red, which was some distance ahead, occupied their spare time in trolling up and down the lake. Just as they were approaching the next trail, Paul felt a pull on the line and hauled up a four-pound pike. He knew it was four pounds by inspecting the scales. The fish was carefully filed away for supper.

A short portage brought the party to White Rock Lake, so-called because of a large light-coloured rock facing them from the opposite shore. Cutting across a small bay, they paddled along the right shore and passed a "birkenhead," or large submerged rock, twenty feet from shore and only a few inches below the



Paddling the Dugout

surface, a menace to a canoe. They continued through the narrow part and right to the very end. Most of them disembarked and bush-whacked around until the obscured trail was picked up when all was made ready for the last portage.

The actual trail was really the remains of an old trail which had been recently used a couple of times, and therefore needed considerable recarving. This duty was executed by the stock of heavy hardware mentioned in the inventory. As the trail was the longest yet encountered, frequent rests were taken by the canoe men, so that it was half-past four when they finally reached Lac Daby.

They immediately loaded up and cruised along the left shore looking for a suitable camping spot. On rounding a large point, they suddenly caught sight of the splashing of a deer running along the opposite shore in the water. When the excitement had subsided, they continued their cruise around the largest bay of the lake, and after they had completely encompassed it, they decided to camp around the next point, as it was getting late. Accord-

ingly everybody tumbled out, piled the stuff on shore and hauled the canoes up.

A suitable place was soon selected, and the following procedure was carried out. A ridge-pole was cut down and nailed at the proper height between two convenient trees. Then all the underbrush was removed from beneath it. Next, the fly was slung over it and drawn taut, and the impedimenta piled under it. Meanwhile a stock of wood had been gathered and a fire-place made between two large rocks. When the fire had developed a certain amount of permanence, two short thick logs were laid on both sides of it, and on these were placed two two-inch cross-logs to hold the two pots of water. One of these pots was treated to several handfuls of rice. While the rice was cooking, the interior of the fly was busy with fellows sorting the grub, changing their clothes and establishing order. Those with nothing to do managed to either gather more wood or make toast.

Now it befell that the job of poking the rice grains, to make them move on, was placed in the hands of Brodie, who, as everyone knew, could be safely entrusted with this task. But as fate willed, his mind was meandering among other celestial spheres on this particular occasion, so that when a cr-r-r-ack of a burnt cross-log, followed by a sis-s-s-s of escaping steam brought him back to earth and to action, he realized that most of the rice was doing its best to extinguish the fire. The rest of the bunch loudly voiced their opinion in no uncertain manner of the cook's latest fried specialty, while the first-aid corps was summoned. The fire was given artificial respiration and a new pot of rice was started. This time a safety-first beam-and-strap suspension was employed to keep the pot on an even keel, and all went well.

When the rice was declared cooked, "condemned" milk and raisons were added, and it was set aside to cool while tea and toast were being made and the four-pound pike was frying. When everything was ready, the bunch fell to with a gusto that would have made Hon. Mr. and Mrs. J. Spratt resemble dyspeptics. After supper had vanished, damp clothes were hung out, and then all the weary wanderers retired into their cocoons and allowed the occasional mournful cry of the loon on the lake to remain unanswered all night long.

Tuesday—The sun rose first but was quickly followed by the bunch, who severally and simultaneously changed their clothes, kindled a fire, washed the dishes and pots and started breakfast cooking. The weather was fine and threatened to remain so. This filled

the campers with great enthusiasm. In about an hour, a pot of porridge, a pot of coffee and half a loaf of bread had disappeared from sight.

Everyone now left for the scene of the first piece of work: the end of a small adjacent bay. They first scouted around to pick up any possible trail which might be there. None was detected, however, so the map was consulted, a bearing taken, and all got busy carving out a new trail.

After working for a few hundred yards, they came to a slight rise, bearing trees, which carried large old blazes. These signs were recognized as the country line between Montcalm and Joliette, and as it was good enough to follow, they used it. After a few more hundred yards, the line gave indications of leading them straight up a high hill, so most of them sat down while a few climbed it to look around.



View from Batiment Hill

At the top, Paul decided to shin up a big pine tree, two or three feet in diameter, and Mr. P. tackled a spruce. To reach the first branches of the pine, Paul had to climb a large balsam. But the view from the top rewarded all the effort of climbing, for their immediate destination, Lac Batiment, lay at their feet, and distributed around them were Grand Lac Diable, Lac Diable, Lac Daby, and in the distance a bit of Lac Cypres. They descended to the base of the hill and sent Ed and some fellows to complete the trail to the lake while the rest went back for the canoe. At Lac Batiment five people went forward in the canoe, and the other four returned to the camping place.

At the far end of Lac Batiment they found a beaver dam and also to their surprise a trail, which they followed and improved. It led them down to Lac Diable. Here they paused for a space and partook of corned beef (Fray Bentos brand) and hardtack with butter, the whole moistened at intervals with spring water, for it was midday and they were just slightly hungry.

After dinner they proceeded along the left shore, trolling as they went. Feeling a tug on the line, Neil endeavoured to haul it in, but

the line broke and all he gathered was that it was not strong enough to haul up the lake bottom. Some distance up the shore they found a small shallow bay almost separated from the lake. The bottom of this bay was covered with various sizes and shapes of stones which made navigation difficult. In fact, the entire bay looked like a stone garden in harvest time. The canoe, built as it was without a hinge, could not be forced to curl itself around certain rocks, so that some rather neat problems in applied geometry had to be solved before the shore could be reached.

The party eventually landed and picked up the short trail to Grand Lac Diable. Halfway along, there grew a huge pine tree, and on the shore of the lake were fresh footprints of a bear. They returned to their canoe right away—no, it was because they were pressed for time—and proceeded to the beginning of the Imp Trail.

Here they discovered a large blazed cedar tree with a list of names on it, dating back to 1890. The trail led them up a long hill before it became level. At this point it was decided to make a landscape observation, so they searched for a suitable lookout tree. This was soon found and climbed. From the top of it they saw Imp Lake, Lake McLaren and three sections of Lac Cypres, as well as another small lake not placed on the map. Returning to the trail they followed it an equal distance down to Imp Lake, and bucked around it over swampy ground.

The trail to Lake McLaren was picked up and followed on level ground for half a mile. As they arrived at the lake they saw a flock of black mallard duck a short distance away. But they were pressed for time and had to retrace their steps at once. After the lapse of couple of hours they finally arrived at the camping place, ready to drop in their tracks, and found a fire going, everything ready to start supper, and a fresh stock of wood. They at once made supper and hastened to bed, for they were dead tired. By this time it had started to rain, worse luck.

Wednesday—This was the day on which five of the nine were scheduled to return to Camp, while a relief party of five should take their places. Accordingly after breakfast Mr. P., Les, Bruce, Neil and Gordon picked up their belongings and started up the lake in both canoes, taking Clarry to help on the first portage. The day was damp and chilly, the result of a continual drizzle, which might have been a source of inspiration to a flock of ducks. Clarry and Mr. P. took the green to White Rock Lake in forty minutes without a stop, which is probably the record in camp

portages. Clarry then returned to the camping place, paddling the red by himself across Lake Daby. The four hardened woodsmen who were left behind passed the time in chopping a liberal supply of wood to keep warm, and seeing that the fire did not go out.

About five o'clock by Brodie's Ingersoll, Paul paddled down to the end of the trail, and waited for about an hour for the relief party, without observing anything more human than himself. This so disgusted him that he returned to headquarters, but shortly afterwards his curiosity compelled him to renew his vigil. His patience petered out finally and he retraced his whirlpools. About halfway down the lake, however, he thought he heard voices, so he exerted his lungs to the utmost in whistling and yelling. The only replies came from his mates, so he gave it up and allowed Ed and Clarry to try their luck in the canoe.

In the meantime, the returning party had crossed White Rock Lake and Lac Brochet, and wisely altering their plans, had left the canoe at the foot of the trail and proceeded to Lac Boisfranc. They were, of course, compelled to walk around it, but as the underbrush was not dense, it was fairly easy to make a trail around the lake. On the whole this procedure meant less work, especially for the new party.

Having arrived at the Boisfranc Trail, they constructed a combined cooking and drying fire on the leaside of a large leaning stump, which thus acted as a radiator. Now, although it had been raining since the previous evening, there was plenty of dry wood in the vicinity, ready for those who knew from experience where to find it, so that the making of a fire was a relatively simple matter for them. Moreover, while dinner was being prepared, all removed their outer upper garments and suspended them from a pole above the fire, while they themselves, by standing around it, enabled their under clothing to dry on them. It was by such magic means as these that comfort and satisfaction were conjured forth in the face of wretched weather.

Behold them seated around the fire at the conclusion of the meal, each munching his last piece of toast, warm and dry within and without. Suddenly, without warning—but wait a moment, spare your curiosity, we have overrun ourselves and must return to catch up.

Away back at the camp, Art, the leader of the relief party, awoke that morning to the gentle patter of raindrops on the tent fly, and noticing the conspicuous absence of sunshine, he gazed through the open tent door at the dull gray spectacle presented to his vision.

By a stupendous mental effort he concluded, from the meteorological conditions that the precipitation of moisture might well continue all day. He slowly dragged himself from a warm comfortable bed and reached for a heavy sweater.

While the members of the camp were performing their ablutions, those who had been chosen to form the relief party were the object of much good-natured criticism and sympathy. Later these five "miserables" showed sufficient wisdom to don an extra sweater and to indulge in a hearty breakfast, besides rolling extra clothing in their horse-collars. At last, to the music of a cheerful send-off from the rest of the bunch, led by Karl, they began their long paddle in the blue canoe.

While the rain is endeavoring to penetrate their garments, let us scrutinize them. There was Art, the pink purveyor of puerile persiflage, on whose shoulders rested the task of completing whatever plans had been initiated by Mr. P. and his party, though now trying to counteract the effect of the rain by a liberal application of hot air; Bert, a young husk and a boon companion, willing to accept any task placed before him; Chrystie, the human porpoise, specially endowed by nature to resist the attacks of cold and damp; Roy, a bundle of compressed energy and 100 per cent. "pep"; and Herbie, the rugged junior member, the source of a continual flow of interrogatory comment.

The journey as far as Boisfranc was devoid of incident, beyond the percolation of the rain through the interstices of whatever vestments threatened to bar its progress. Here, however, they were obliged to bid a tender farewell to the faithful blue canoe. The clouds supplied the liquid confetti. When the top of the trail was reached, Art cautioned the others to make no noise lest they attract the attention of the other party, who, according to schedule, should be below. Proceeding with great care, yet withal with no slackening of the pace, on rounding a turn, they perceived a column of blue smoke, and observed the pioneers seated around the first real red-hot fire seen in four hours.

While the pots were being filled and heated, the returning party reported their discoveries and gave careful and detailed instructions for the guidance of the newcomers. They thereupon took their departure and arrived at camp in due course. The preparation and consumption of the ensuing dinner constituted an epoch in the history of the relief party, and served to infuse fresh vigour into their chilled muscles.

What now happened was probably the most

important act of the ordinary routine. It is one thing to make a fire; it is half a dozen things to put it out. The inflexible rule of all true forest travellers is to thoroughly extinguish their camp-fire before leaving it. The boys were well aware of the difference between a forest in its natural condition and a brule, and hence it was just half an hour later when they were convinced of the extinction of the mutually beneficial fire. Built as it was against an old dry punk pine stump, it had worked its way for some distance through the moss between the roots of adjacent trees, even though rain had fallen since the previous evening. It was found necessary to demolish the stump, and to cut out all affected moss, besides pouring a few dozen potfuls of water on the smouldering ashes, before all suspicions were satisfied.

With renewed energy the fellows started on their way. An hour later found them descending the trail to Lac Brochet. And here a silent but joyful sight met their gaze, for their old and faithful friend, the green canoe, was drawn up on shore waiting to transport them across the lakes which lay ahead.

The passage of the next two lakes and the short trail between them was accomplished with little loss of time and with less loss of language, since each man knew his business, and presently two fire signs on the shore indicated the commencement of the Daby Trail. Here at last lay the final stretch of the day's work, and every fellow, anticipating whatever difficulty might be encountered, took an extra reef in his belt and loaded up without delay, for it was getting late.

The first part of the trail was covered without much difficulty, for there were no great changes of level, and, moreover, rests were taken frequently. In spite of this precaution, however, the sinuous landscape conspired so successfully with the unceasing drizzle that, on the upward slope of one of the vertical contortions, a pair of legs collapsed utterly. (History shall not disclose the identity of the victim.) It was with much exertion that the canoe was dragged to the top of the hill. Here a protracted recuperation was enjoyed, while the propinquity of the next lake was discussed with some pessimism.

Suddenly these morbid reflections were interrupted by a faint unmistakable cry from somewhere ahead. Instantly the party became all ears. Next they became all mouth, and yelled their lungs out for two minutes, but without avail, for the cry was not repeated. Nevertheless wobbly knees were forgotten, and with grim determination they continued their journey.

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A few more shifts brought them to the shore of Lac Daby, precisely at seven o'clock, but contrary to expectation, nobody was there to meet them. However, while the canoe was being loaded, the keen eye of Bert detected a moving speck silhouetted against the far shore of the lake, and he judged it to be a canoe operated by two fellows. And so it proved to be; for when the green canoe had gone but a short distance, the red approached bearing the cheerful countenances, each projecting from the neck of a heavy sweater, of Clarry and Ed. The voyage down the lake and arrival at the camping place was, of course, accompanied by a voluminous exchange of information and anecdotes.

At last, after a most strenuous day, the relief party was relieved to find itself relieved by the party to which it was bringing relief; for nothing could be more reassuring than a bright sparking wood fire, crackling beneath a full pot of rice and a pot of tea, prepared by those eminent culinary artists Paul and Brodie, sufficient to satisfy the immediate needs of the inner man; also facing the fire, a large flat-faced rock on which the most aqueous garment would soon dry. With the addition of some fresh provisions, a sumptuous meal was polished off in great shape by the assembled congregation.

The Department of the Interior having had its appropriations ratified, the exterior next demanded attention; and while some fellows made the beds, others piled wood on the fire and dried wet clothing with one hand while they scooped occasional whiffs of smoke out of their eyes with the other. Finally a complete change of raiment was effected, the grub was carefully covered, and beds were entered with staccato grunts of satisfaction emitted in all tones of the diabolic and the aromatic scales. In a few minutes such sounds as the sighing of the wind through the pine tree guarding the canoes, the splash of an occasional accumulation of raindrops on the fly from the boughs of the spruces overhead, the explosion of a smouldering ember in the fire, and the creak of a tired joint as a weary wanderer turned over in his sleep, only such sounds as these were sufficiently intense to interrupt the stillness of the night.

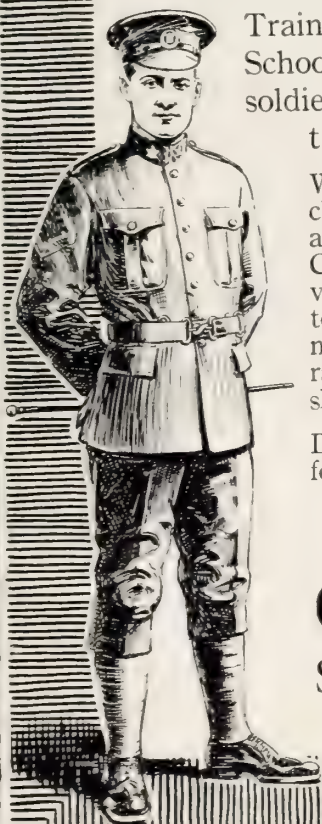
Thursday—Some few centuries later, or perhaps it was only a few seconds, Art awoke and looked at his watch. It registered about seven o'clock. Glancing at the weather, he saw that it was not only similar to that of the previous morning, but even more so. Looking around the space contained by the fly, he beheld the somnolent masses of his comrades in inextricable attitudes of distortion, emitting



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IN every Battalion, Battery or Medical Unit drawn from Montreal for this great War, our High School Old Boys are taking a prominent part. They are filling every rank, from General to Private. They are performing every service, from aviator to sapper. They are giving their lives for the Empire and winning undying glory in every encounter.



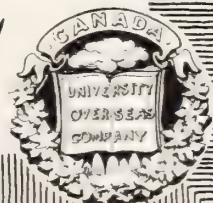
Trained, educated, resourceful, these High School Men make the type of Canadian soldiers whose deeds have astonished military Europe.

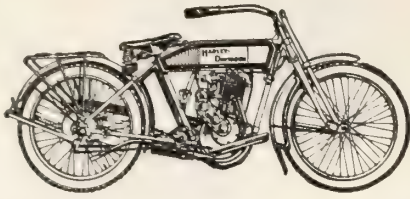
With their efficiency goes a passion for trim cleanliness. They are devotees of the razor, and strong partisans of the "Made-in-Canada" Gillette. They enjoy its clean, velvety shave when they have time and toilet conveniences, and appreciate it even more when both are lacking, and no other razor could give them any sort of a decent shave.

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at regular intervals the Chorus of Morpheus, *pianissimo ma non troppo*, throughout its widest range. With a sigh he turned over and once more lost himself in the maze of unconsciousness, for was there not still another full day of exploration at their disposal, which might prove more favourable?

After another indefinite period, he awoke to find it nine o'clock and all's well. Then began the brief but strenuous operation of convincing eight able-bodied hulks of flesh that it was time to get up. There was enough vocal objection to operate a hot-air engine, but the actual compliance was almost immediate. While some members of the party changed their garments, others gathered wood from the ground and trees nearby, and washed the pots and pannikins at the lake. Although the fire-place was still warm from the preceding fire, there were no live coals smouldering in it, so a piece of birch bark and a match were used to start a blaze.

In less than an hour, breakfast, consisting of porridge with "cadenza" milk, toast and coffee, was announced and everyone dug in. This was followed by a general drying of damp clothing left from the previous evening. Nobody showed a very keen desire to indulge in exploration just then, so the matter was left in abeyance until some suggestions should be forthcoming. During all this time, the weather was criticized in a very harsh and rude manner.

Some time later, Paul, Bert and Ed decided to investigate the outlet of the lake, so they set out in the red. After a little while, they returned with an Indian dug-out canoe which they had found hauled up on shore. It was quite a solid affair and not easily upset, but was not intended for two persons. The one drawback was the low freeboard which permitted waves to spill over into it when operated in a sea.

It was now noticeable that the apathy previously exhibited had considerably diminished, and on a suggestion from Art, a party was formed to visit the nearby lakes. After those who preferred to stay behind had been given their instructions, the remainder crossed the small bay in the two canoes, and portaged the red over to Lac Batiment, where Art, Paul, Clarry, Bert and Herbie left Roy and Chrystie, who had just come to see the lake, and paddled across the small island, right to them end of the beaver dam bay.

Having effected a rapid portage on the next trail, they were delayed by the breaking of the stern thwart of the canoe. Fortunately, however, from the remains of an old adjacent camping place, a broken box with the original

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Mending the Thwart

nails in it was discovered, and a thwart was quickly fashioned and firmly fixed in place with the aid of the cutlass.

Their next course led them across beautiful Lac Diabie and through the stone garden to the short trail to Grand Lac Diabie. At the shore of this lake it was found that there was not enough time to proceed further, so preparations for luncheon were begun.

Right at the mouth of the stream from Lac Diabie, the rock bottom emerged at a gentle slope and extended back a few feet before it met the forest soil. While one fellow kindled a fire on this spot, another collected dry twigs for fuel, a third cut green forks to toast the junior hardtack, a fourth started to toast these, and the fifth man opened the Fray Bentos. In a little while, the buttered toast-biscuits were vieing with the corned beef in obstructing the exchange of verbal traffic, yet both received praise in the highest terms of appreciation.

Now, while all this good cheer was being shared, the little fire of dry spruce twigs was encouraged to crackle away and to direct aloft its thin twisting wisp of smoke, even though its actual duty was concluded; for was it not the symbol of the spirit of comradeship which ever characterizes a successful camping trip? The group looked so contented that Art attempted to record them. Carefully focussing his camera, he strained it to the utmost in capturing their features. The instrument successfully withstood the shock.

The fire was now extinguished, and the bunch set out for the camping place. As they intended to try for Lac Cypres on the morrow, they left the canoe on the shore of Lac Batiment, and walked around the small bay on Lac Daby. The camping place gave them a warm welcome. A fire was going in great style, with two pots of water balanced over it ready to receive their quota of rice and

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tea. The fellows left behind had gathered a good supply of wood, and Ed. had constructed a pantry of small logs and birch bark to cover the grub and other paraphernalia. Although not as tired as on the previous night, the boys lost no time in eating supper and getting to bed, for they all realized that their reputations depended on the work they would accomplish next day, and a good sleep constituted the best preparation for their task. Unfortunately, Clarry, who had eaten lightly, announced that he did not feel well. This news was rather disturbing, but hopes were entertained that a good night's sleep would banish his indisposition.

Friday—Art was the first to awake the next morning. He was unaware of the sun's existence beyond the fact that, except for the usual



Dinner at Lac Diable

diffuse cloudy illumination pervading the surrounding scenery, it must have been to some extent above the horizon. Thinking that his imagination was playing him a trick, he roused his comrades. They informed him that it was to-day, and not yesterday repeating itself.

With the exception of Clarry, all arose. On being questioned, Clarry admitted that he did not feel well enough to do any kind of work. This was distressing, for Clarry perhaps more than anyone else, on account of his willingness to share hard work and his enthusiasm, deserved to see Lac Cypres. However, at that moment Clarry was thinking more of internal complications than of external compensations. Art endeavoured to cheer him up by giving him two broad, flat pills of a dark-brown taste. He also gave instructions regarding the consumption of more if necessary.

Shortly afterwards breakfast was declared ready. Clarry condescended to have a little coffee, which he declared offered no grounds for complaint. Immediately on the conclusion of breakfast, Art, Paul, Bert, Brodie and

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Ed got their trip accessories together and divided the necessary grub between the haversacks. General instructions were then issued to those remaining in camp. It will be noticed that Ed was taken in Clarry's place. Ed, showed by his work that day that he was capable of filling Clarry's beefs for that trip. Literally speaking, Ed could fill anybody's beefs, and that is "some feat." His heart, nevertheless, was great enough to restore equilibrium.

Promptly the party set out and made their way by what was now a familiar route to Lac Diabie. At the shore of this lake, it was found that the gunwale of the canoe had split. Paul managed to secure a long thin spruce root, and using this as a cord, he lashed the two parts firmly together, and the fellows proceeded to the big cedar.

Up this next trail the broad backs of first Ed and Bert and then Paul and Art transported the canoe on horse-collars specially rolled for this purpose. Near the top of the grade, the canoe was left on the trail, while the boys climbed the lookout tree. Their long-sought destination, as well as the other lakes already mentioned, were plainly visible. While Art and Paul were inspecting the landscape, Ed and Bert returned to the canoe and carried it down the trail to Imp Lake.

The harbour facilities at this end of the trail would have disgusted Noah; for the canoe had to be propelled down an imitation stream to the actual lake-water by thrusting the paddles up to the hilt in a bottom of defunct vegetation of the carboniferous period on which the canoe almost rested, and then rescuing the paddles. The velocity of the craft almost frightened the frogs resting peacefully on nearby lily-pads, and seriously threatened to disturb the water-spiders. As there was no minimum speed limit, the canoe eventually reached Imp Lake proper. The crossing of Imp Lake was quickly accomplished by utilizing the momentum of the canoe.

The trail to Lake McLaren was level and offered no difficulties, so that presently the party set the canoe down on the shore of one of its bays. The mouth of this bay was guarded by a long shallow shoal, supporting a crop of green weeds. As this extended right across the bay, it required some nice judgment to select the deepest place to pass through; yet the passage was successfully made. The boys were now on the open part of the lake near one end, and they could see away on their right where it narrowed down to a thin strait of water before opening out into a wider portion which was hidden from them by a kink in the strait. They crossed the Lake and met an-

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other reedy bank which compelled them to wade to shore for a short distance in shallow water to reach the next trail.

Entering on their last portage, they paralleled the discharge of the lake, which made a considerable noise as it tumbled down the sloping ground. It sounded as if a waterfall was concealed in the brush, but on inspection it proved to be only continuous rapids. In more than one place the trail became an aisle enclosed on both sides by thick green balsams and spruces, the odor of whose fragrant boughs filled the air. The entire portage occupied about three shifts, and the trail finally ended at a point on the river where one man could take the canoe a few hundred feet further down, while the rest walked around to a deeper place before stepping in.

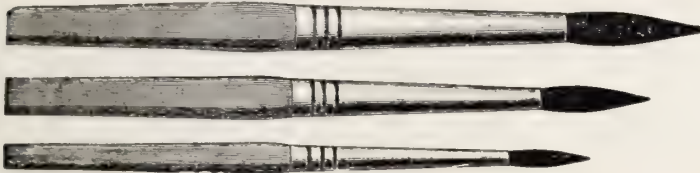
For some little distance care had to be taken to avoid painting several strategically placed rocks, some of which were hidden by weeds. As the canoe proceeded on its way, the current gradually diminished, the high banks receded and became lower, the river bed deepened and broadened, swamp-grass and lily-pads came in view, and at last as they rounded a bend, Lac Cypres appeared just ahead in all its grand reality; and to the eager explorers it extended a greeting by a rolling swell which gently caressed their canoe.

The lake stretched away from them for a distance of four miles, and continued out of sight beyond. A long sandy point could be distinguished a mile up on the right shore, and in the distance a large island could just be made out against the misty background of the shore behind it. Silhouetted against the clouds, and forming the dim horizon much farther away, were the high rambling mountains near Lac Clef, and the bumpy mountain near Lac Caribou.

A southeast wind blowing straight down the lake imposed the most unfavorable conditions for the operations of a canoe, making progress slow and cautious, as the waves had a tendency to lose their heads over the slender shape of the vessel. The left shore looked the more protected and inviting, so a diagonal course was set towards it. Having reached it by careful paddling, the bunch moved along beside it, expecting to have dinner at the end of the large point of which it formed one side. On their way thither they approached an island, and succeeded in passing through the narrow channel between it and the mainland without disturbing it from its position. Time, however, was moving inexorably onward and so when a huge rock, jutting into the lake, offered them a landing-place, sheltered from wave and wind, they decided to utilize it.

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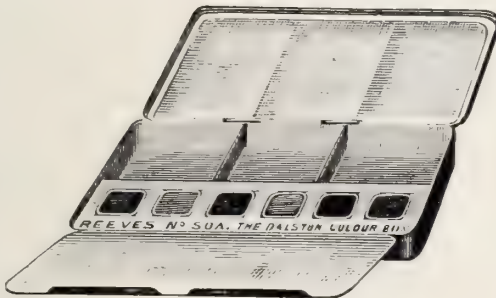
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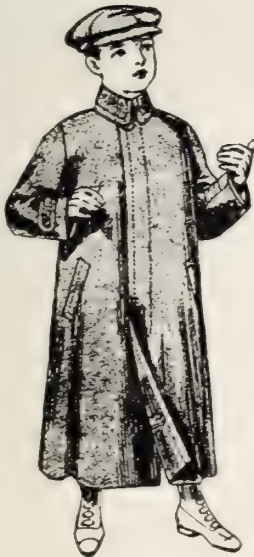


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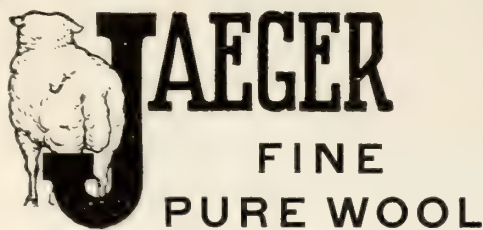
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They immediately set about making a fire and toasting the bread. Art hid himself farther along the rock-strewn shore out of curiosity. In a few minutes he arrived at the big point just ahead, but only remained there long enough to photograph the view down the lake. He returned in time to open one tin of Fray Bentos and one tin of salmon. Besides these "pieces de resistance," each fellow had one piece of toast for a dinner plate and one piece as a "hors d'oeuvre," but it tasted more like toast. In each case not only was the pattern on the dinner plate removed, but the dinner plate itself was consumed. Dessert consisted of one small package of Baker's chocolate per capita.

Right after dinner the return journey was begun. This was of course a repetition in reverse of the preceding one, without any of the delays, except that on the way from Imp



Dinner at Lac Cypres.

Lake to Lac Diable, Paul and Art tripped at the same time under the canoe! After the crash had subsided, they felt constrained to pause while they recovered their equilibrium and their vocabulary. The remaining trails were covered mostly on nerve, for they were pretty tired by then. The fellows at Lac Daby had, of course, done their duty, so that supper and bed followed as a matter of course. Clarry was still sick in spite of his heroic compliance with the doctor's advice, and ate little. The rest just hoped harder than ever that he would be better by next morning. During the entire day, the sun had not been allowed out; nevertheless it was confidently expected to obtain permission to play on the morrow. With such expectations as these in their minds, the fellows were soon in deep slumber.

Saturday—Everyone awoke bright and early. They prepared breakfast, rolled horse-collars, and struck camp with as little loss of time as possible; for they were severely handi-



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capped, and they needed all the spare time they could handle. Clarry, their best man, was still sick, and was not permitted to do any other work than carry himself over the trails, although he insisted on taking a pot or a haversack with him. While crossing lakes in the canoe, he reclined between thwarts, with one horse-collar for a mattress and another for a pillow. The other boys were only too glad to do their utmost for him.

Now, on one occasion, in going from Lac Brochet to Lac Boisfranc, Art tripped and was rewarded by a resounding whack on the head from the bottom of the green canoe. After he had removed the debris of stars which obstructed his vision, he found that his stumble had loosened his thwart on one side. He was forced to use another thwart, and since this produced unequal loads, changes had to be frequently made. The thwart was temporarily fixed while dinner was being prepared at the old place near the upper end of Lac Boisfranc.

With much expenditure of elbow grease, they continued on their way after dinner, but in spite of the most untiring efforts on the part of each individual, they arrived home at the late hour of seven o'clock. Supper-time was past, but not for them. They were accorded a rousing welcome, especially when the results of their explorations were disclosed, for they had not been expected to achieve so much in the face of such discouraging conditions. Willing hands carried their outfit to its proper places. Clarry was treated to some real old-fashioned disagreeable medicine with an ultra-sepia taste, and recovered next day.

As a fitting conclusion to their memorable performance, they adjourned to the dining pavilion, where a bounteous repast was spread before them. With the certain anticipation that they would uphold all the epicurean traditions of the Old Guard, let us leave them at the festive board.



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